MAYFAIR

60p Vol. 12 No. 11

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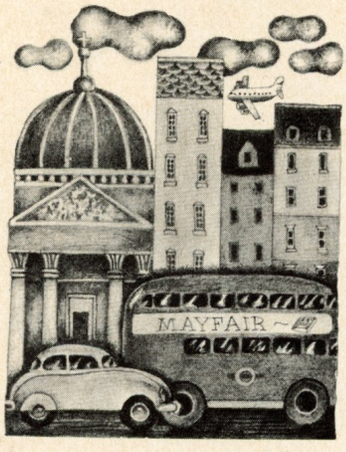


Those with an eagle-eye amongst you may have noticed on the contents page that our ABC net paid circulation figure has increased yet again to just short of 450,000 – 448,146 to be exact. The figure is certified by the Audit Bureau of Circulation.

Regular readers will know that we rarely have to sing our own praises – your letters do that for us. But who could not forgive us just a little crow on this particular occasion when a double celebration is in order? With the sound of popping champagne corks fading in the distance we are proud to report that hand-in-hand with our increased ABC figure, comes news that for the first time *Mayfair's* official estimated United Kingdom readership has topped the two million mark. This milestone in *Mayfair*'s development means that in terms of UK readership we maintain our lead over all the other men's magazines in this country and, what's more, we are probably gaining readers faster than any of them. For example, our officially estimated readership of 2,047,000 is a substantial 265,000 higher than the official estimate of 1,782,000 for *Penthouse*. For the statistically minded here are two other interesting sidelights. Fourteen per cent of *Mayfair*'s readership are women. And eighty-three per cent of our readers are under forty-five, which surely must mean that finally we have killed off the lie that men's magazines are read by 'dirty old men'.

Turning overseas, finally, based on our UK readership of 7.4 readers per copy we can also boast an overseas readership of 1,286,549. Add that figure to our UK figure and our total readership is 3,333,449.

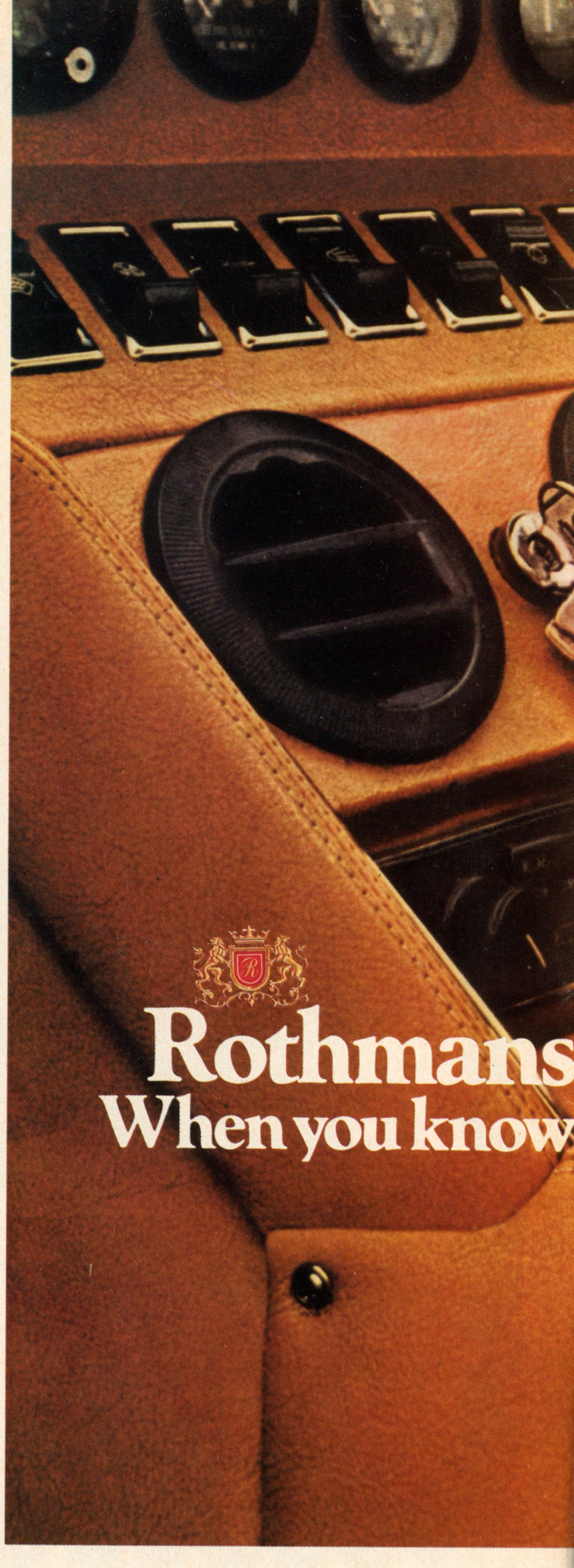
Thank you, our loyal readers, for making us – and keeping us – at Number One.

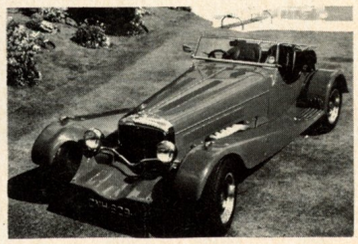
The figures come from no less than the JICNARS – the impartial Joint Industry Committee for National Readership Surveys, July 1976 – June 1977.

What Would You Say to a Naked Lady? was the title of a film made a few years ago by Alan Funt and the *Candid Camera* team. But what would *you* say to a naked lady if one strolled into the saloon bar at your local? More to the point, what would you do?

If you're in a Yorkshire pub discussing the day's football then probably you wouldn't even notice 34–22–35 Lilly who, angered by her boyfriend's preoccupation with soccer inquests and the lack of attention of the barman, strips. Luckily, our intrepid lensman Roger Pearson was on hand to capture the results, or lack of them.

Who was Britain's most famous pin-up girl of the 1960s? And what is she doing now? The answer to the first question is easy as anyone over the age of twenty-five will tell you. June Palmer (*above*). What's she doing now? Making a welcome return to the world of pin-up modelling with a one-off comeback appearance in *Mayfair* this month. Today June is 36, retired from full-time professional modelling but still managing to do some figure work for local camera clubs where her splendid, curvy 38–25–36 figure is in much demand. It was you, our readers, who wanted to see June once more – obviously you were much inspired by last year's feature on another great model of yesteryear, Annie Walker. It is the first time that June has appeared in full-colour bottomless shots, bringing a new vitality and well, 'umph,' to how we remember her from those prepubescent days.





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NOV 1977 Vol. 12 No. 11 ABC net paid circulation 448,146

Heavenly Hilary, page 60. On the Bentley bent, page 70

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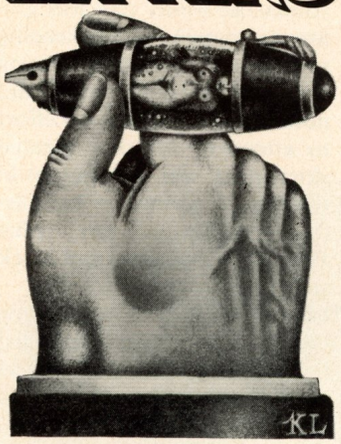
LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*
Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

I much enjoyed BBC cricket commentator, Jim Laker's, unwitting funny this season: 'The captain has two short legs and a silly point.'
Personally, I'd rather see girls play cricket – any chance of fielding a *Mayfair* maids team?
F A B, Belfast

What, and risk the other commentators dropping sexual googlies over leg glances, bumpers, bouncers, slips, maidens, the members' stands?

I enjoy *Mayfair* very much and have a grand collection from Vol 6, to the latest issue, Vol 12 No 9. It's this latest issue which prompts me to write. It contains twenty seven pages of the detestable airbrush – must we keep seeing page after page of glorious females, brilliant photography completely ruined by that awful piece of apparatus? Surely, out of the hundreds of photos taken you can find some which don't need obscuring. Vol 12 No 8 was perhaps the best edition of late, with only ten pages attacked.
One more request. Can we see more of Stephanie (Vol 12 No 8) – she is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen? I purchased five more copies of that issue, in the hope of finding better pictures of her but as they all come off the same press I don't suppose that's possible.
Anyway, it's a classic in my book and you can't have too much of a good thing. Ten more pages of Stephanie Platt please – unspoilt if possible.
(Name and address withheld)

So many readers were captivated by Stephanie, right that we asked Siwer Ohlsson for another set. We requested Siwer to produce a well-rounded set including Stephanie's now bandage-free bottom.

If you intend to start a 'Concours d'Elegance' contest (your readers voting for the *Mayfair* Girl of the Year), I'll give my vote for Miss Platt (Vol 12 No 8). I've never seen anything like her. They say Britain has lost all her resources. I wonder. Everyone knows about Scandinavian girls and they *are* great, but now I know why the Vikings went to England and stayed there so long.
L F, Trelleborg, Sweden

I was astounded by the pictures of Stephanie Platt (Vol. 12 No 8). Astounded not only because of the sexy poses but because she was the spitting image of my secretary.
I showed them to her and Carolyn stared in amazement. To my delight she accepted when I asked her to have a

meal with me – she'd always quietly refused before.
When I picked her up to drive into Bristol to a restaurant I know, she was wearing a white mid-calf-length dress with a belt at the waist, puffed sleeves and a modestly low neckline. She also wore black high-heeled shoes and, I believe, black sheer tights.
When we got back to the car after our meal she noticed the strategically placed 'Mayfair' on the back seat. After a short distance she said 'feel like a night-cap when you drop me at home, Dave?' I said I would and drove to her home.
Carolyn poured out a Scotch for me and she stood opposite as I sat down on the couch. I watched her as she put her foot on the coffee table infront of me, showing much of her leg. She then proceeded to un do the buckle of her shoe and took it off, then repeated the process for the other shoe. I began to feel randy as she left the room and went upstairs. I heard her return and open the door behind me. 'Just how long have you been reading *Mayfair?*' she asked. I turned round and there was Carolyn leaning against the door frame wearing sheer black stockings, black lace suspender belt, small black G-string pants, and a small black bra, which just covered her nipples!
I needed no further hints. We had the most fantastic tussle on the couch and finally she led me out of the room to the bedroom where I spent an extremely exhausting night.
So, thank you *Mayfair* for producing a great magazine and brightening up my life.
(Name and address withheld)

I was delighted with Vol 12 No 7 and in particular with the Quest interviews on the subject of schoolgirl uniforms. I was especially interested in the first interview and the chap who was so excited by the girl's navy blue knickers, as it reminded me of a similar experience.
I was going out with a girl who used to be in the same

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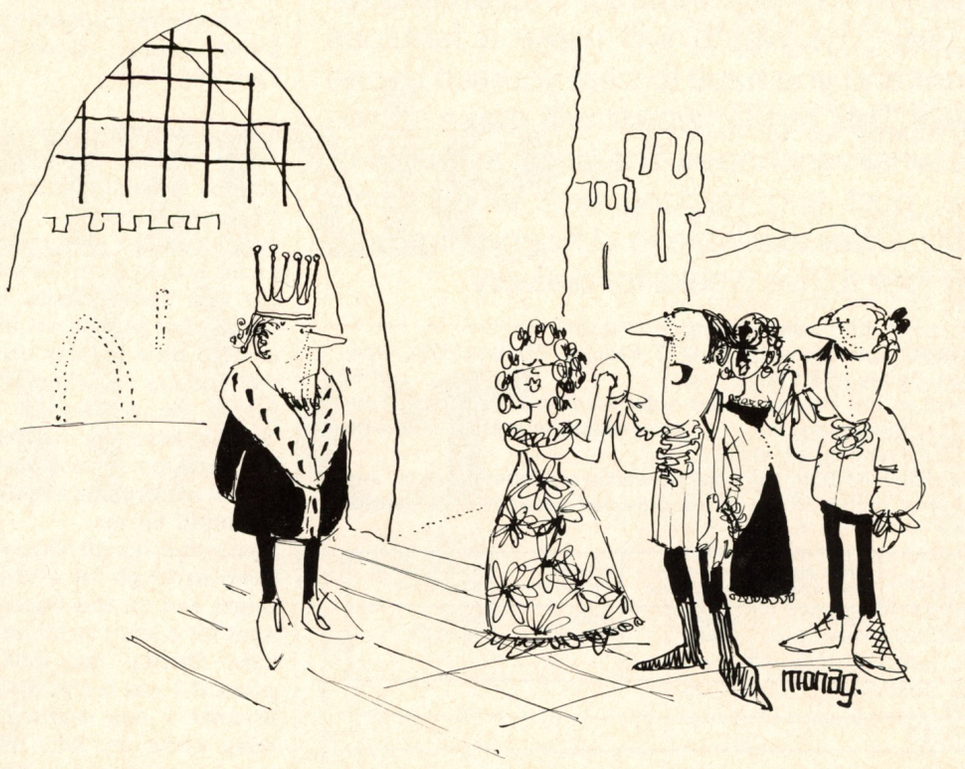

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NAME

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LETTERS

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class as myself and I told her how strongly affected I became when I saw girls playing netball in their blouses and navy knickers. We talked about this for a long time and I could see she was as turned on as I was. The outcome of this was that on our next date she turned up with a small case and asked if we could go back to my flat as she had a surprise for me. When we arrived she went straight to the bathroom with the case. I made some coffee which I nearly dropped when she reappeared. She had on her school uniform which still fitted her perfectly. It consisted of white blouse, navy skirt, white knee-length socks and navy knickers which she showed me by sitting in an armchair with her legs apart.

Her breasts were pushing out under the blouse and I could see the outline of her mound against the tight knicker gusset. We spent one glorious afternoon there – I had no idea that I had that much staying power. The girl in your interview stated that she didn't know what was so sexy about navy school knickers. Well for me they are the most erotic garment going and I would be more than delighted if you could feature a follow-up article or even photo sets of schoolgirls in uniform.

David Nelson, Sunderland, Tyne and Wear

Your 'Quest' feature in Vol 12 No 7 on the 'gymslip syndrome' brought back many memories for me.

As a teenager I used to receive maths tuition from the schoolgirl who lived upstairs. Occasionally her parents would take us both on a Sunday drive to the country – which necessitated the wearing of one's 'Sunday best.' On this particular occasion it consisted of school uniform for her and my kilt outfit for me.

Sometimes her parents would allow us to go for a walk together and on this Sunday we went for a short stroll into the hills. During the walk she asked if I was a true Scot and whether I was wearing anything under my kilt. When I gave her an evasive answer she said she would find out sooner or later and playfully tried to lift up my kilt. The fact that we were walking in the hills on a somewhat windy day was giving me enough trouble keeping my 'secret'. However during the latter part of the walk I did notice that she made no effort to attend to her own pleated skirt which was blowing up in the breeze, giving me tantalising glimpses of navy blue knickers, suspenders and black stockings.

In the car on the way home she kept pressing her stockinged leg against mine and smiled understandingly as she noticed the 'tent pole' effect of my kilt. That evening I was asked by her parents to stay for tea, and some time later they informed us they were going out for a while and left us to watch television. Needless to say it didn't take her long to return to her earlier question to which I gave some other evasive reply. She said I'd seen enough of her during the day and that she was determined to find out if I was wearing anything under my kilt.

Now the correct mode of dress for wearing under the kilt is a pair of the 'treus' – basically similar to regulation school knickers. This day I was wearing a pair of bottle green treus. I told her that I hadn't seen enough of her whereupon she came towards me and unzipped her skirt and let it fall to the floor. The sight of her standing in front of me clad in white blouse, navy blue knickers, suspenders and black stockings was very stimulating. As I moved towards her she noticed the 'tent pole' in my kilt again and as she allowed me to feel her all over she slid her hand up my kilt to grasp my erect penis through my treus.

When she reached the elastic leg of my treus she claimed I was not a true Scotsman since I was wearing something under my kilt. She said she wanted to see what I was wearing and unbuckled my kilt which then fell to the floor.

I can only describe her first reaction as one of surprise. She asked why I was wearing schoolgirl knickers, but I told her I was in fact wearing the correct attire.

She seemed to be highly aroused by the sight of me – erect penis clad in what she called schoolgirl knickers – and she asked me to lie beside her while she stuck one hand down

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Post(s): | Poster:

Model(s):

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    4. post [partial]
- Dominique Rupret | thread
    1. post
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- June Palmer | thread
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- Kerry Lou Bayliss as Kerry Lou Baylis
    1. post [mixed, partial]
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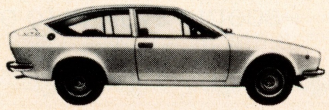

LETTERS

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the front of her knickers and the other under the leg elastic of my treus and proceeded to bring us both to a climax.
She admitted afterwards that she found my uniform as arousing as, I equally admitted, I found hers, and we both continued to enjoy the Sunday sessions on a few more occasions.
(Name and address withheld)

Now that Sally Ball has joined the ranks of those who have been pilloried following a *Mayfair* appearance, is it not time you examined your attitude to the young ladies who grace your pages? *Mayfair* has a well-deserved reputation for featuring beautiful girls in tasteful poses. All in all your finished product is far preferable to those magazines that rely upon professional models, ghost written personality sketches and false names. The question is how long can you continue to feature natural, working girls when they face the problems which have beset Miss Ball, Miss Hopkin and the young lady from the Bank of England? If you are to continue it would seem that *Mayfair* and probably its readers are going to have to do more to relieve the burdens which employers, press and public are heaping on your girls. Might I suggest:
1 You choose more carefully what you tell us about the girls.
2 You appoint someone to deal with problems girls refer back to you. This person could help arrange actions for wrongful dismissal, write to employers etc.
3 You open a contingency fund to see girls do not suffer financially. I am sure none of your readers would object to paying 65p for one issue if they were certain the resulting money would be used to insure your girls against personal loss.
I hope the above proves of interest and, finally, while we wait for the press and the public of Hampshire to come to their senses may I add best wishes for Sally. Apart from one insane correspondent she brightened the lives of two million plus *Mayfair* readers.
John C, Canterbury, Kent

Thank you for your suggestions. Obviously, it is a matter of great concern and discussion here at Mayfair. *It involves the old journalistic dilemma that truth is more troublesome than fiction.*

I have a fetish which I haven't seen mentioned in *Mayfair* before. It's a girl's feet which turn me on. There is nothing more arousing for me than to see a pair of stockinged feet – with varnished toenails, grown quite long and rounded at the ends peeping through.
My girlfriend gets annoyed when we are in the 69 position – it is not her clitoris or vagina I am after, but her lightly perspring feet. I will quite happly kiss and lick them for hours.
R D, Chislehurst, Kent

Stop feeling a heel, we know there are many kindred soles. . .

We have taken *Mayfair* for many years, but of late there has been a marked decline in your standards – a fact which we would have expected earlier if your rivals are anything to go by. The question which arises in our minds is: do you stand for pornography or art? Speaking as keen amateur photographers we have noticed that this decline is linked with a deterioration in photographic quality. Vol 12 No 7 is the issue which has incited us to write. It is a total contradiction to 'touch-up' crotchy shots. If you want to lower yourselves to your rivals level then *don't* touch-up. The mere fact that you need to disguise crotchy shots implies that they are not up to the standards which you set yourselves. Care on the part of your photographers would avoid this crudity. This is adequately demonstrated by the last shot in Sylvie's set of photographs. It is probably the most explicit photo in the issue and yet attention is not unduly drawn to her nether regions by bad touching up. It is a natural and unblatant pose in a well composed setting. A totally artistic shot in *Mayfair's* old style which preserves the girl's dignity.
In contrast, the set on Amanda includes five badly touched-up shots. Not one that does any justice to the girl (and many do her injustice) and the set generally is conspicuous by its lack of imagination and artistry. Why on such a very fair girl use such stark lighting?
To our second question – Morgana; artistry? It not only

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DOMINIQUE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
ED ALEXANDER

The time, nine o'clock, and amongst the tightly-filled denims and dungarees of a distinctly cosmopolitan queue waiting in the foyer of the London Planetarium is a sight to make the most staunch anti-Common Marketeer do an immediate about-face. The reason: 21-year-old Dominique Rupret. This time, alas, fully-clothed. But thanks to the efforts of an erstwhile *Mayfair* talent spotter, we hereby rectify that situation. Dominique, raven-haired and pert-nippled, owes a little to her Algerian ancestry. 'We came to France when I was twelve,' she coos in excellent English, but with an accent which would send many men heading for the nearest cold shower.

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LETTERS

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detracts from the quality of the magazine, but we are surprised that the girl allowed the set to be printed as fully representative of her. Apart from the girl, there are two other points which reflect badly upon Roy Brewington. First, what was he trying to achieve by the setting – stark white surroundings and bright white light? Secondly was there nothing a good photographer could employ to disguise Morgana's apparently dry skin?

Turning to Charlotte – was she supposed to be 'unwashed'? We don't find dirty feet either artistic or arousing.

A good photographer can allow for his model's bad aspects – so why such a sour face on Amanda and bad skin texture in her last shot? And Morgana's rough arm and bottom (or does she use it for striking matches)?

M C and Ms L P, Leeds 6

I have never been quite so enthralled by a photo set in *Mayfair* as I was by that of the erotic Morgana Taylor in Vol 12 No 7. While her firm jutting breasts are absolutely gorgeous, her face is seductively beautiful. I have never in all my thirty years seen such a delicious crop of pubic hair on any woman – picture or in real life. Morgana has a growth of pubic hair which I think is sensuous beyond all possible dreams. To rest my head against those superbly fluffed pubes would surely be the greatest joy. I could sleep on that nest of sex forever.

Some of your readers dislike pubic hair but to me a shaven woman is like a queen without a crown. Maybe your photographer can find more bushy females as tasty as Morgana.

W. Smith, Ontario, Canada

I enjoy *Mayfair* because it is a good all-rounder in that it doesn't just feature girls, but also has a wide-selection of other male-interest subjects – Tiger, Tiger,' the story of the German Tiger tank springs to mind, also old cars, battles past, etc. Thus it is not all sex or pseudo-intellectual drivel, which is possibly why it sells so well.

However, with regards to the glamour side of the magazine,

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LETTERS

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would it be feasible to feature once an issue – or alternate months – a special model with special unusual attributes? Various ideas spring to mind – massive bust; perfect legs; a tall girl; wasp waist; a top class stripper; pin ups from the past like Sabrina; even gymnasts and contortionists. Perhaps this might have minority appeal – though it might prove intriguing to readers wondering what the month might bring in the way of the unusual.
J N R, Perthshire

My friend, Gerda, and I are both eighteen years old and we work as nurses in a boy's boarding school in Vienna. We have just ten to fourteen year olds. Our duties include bathing the boys every week, on a Friday evening.
As you will have guessed, all the nurses being girls, the matron has instructed us not to touch the boys' private parts during bathing. But when washing and soaping them it is almost impossible to miss the lovely things between the thighs of our boys.
Gerda and I do our job with decency, propriety and tact – but our favourites are fourteen year old newcomers, being innocent and chaste.
They have to undress in the next room and then to come into the bathroom, where they are awaited by us – two pretty girls. When the newcomer is bathed for the first time, he often blushes red and is choked with tears and seems to be full of shame. Mostly he tries to hide his genitals with both hands. But with comforting words Gerda and I tell him to get into the tub. Then we wash him – first his head, then the shoulders, his back and chest. When he has calmed down we tell him to stand up. Gerda washes the boy's buttocks and I soap down his thighs. Several times I touch, by mistake, his genitals. The regular reaction is that his little cock gets more and more stiffened. This result I present to my friend, Gerda, and say 'What is this. For these things you are too young, my lad, this ought not to be'.
Then, smiling, I tell the ashamed boy to hold out the lovely things between his spread out thighs, and I am washing and soaping – tenderly fondling the stiff shaft and the soft balls of the boy.
You can understand that we are fond of our wonderful and thrilling job. Usually after bathing about twenty boys, Gerda and I are really turned on. Because it is very hot in the bathroom we wear only a white apron and panties (underneath we are bare-bosomed) and often the boys have a furtive glance at our legs and breasts.
Although often our nipples are stiffened hard and our pussies wet, we never think of really having sexual intercourse. I think if such a case would be known, we would lose our jobs immediately – the jobs we like very much.
(*Name and address withheld*)

With the start of a new series of *Doctor Who* on BBC television would it not be possible for you to do a feature on the present and past *Dr Who* girls? The lovely Elizabeth Sladen is a pleasure to watch as the sometimes petrified reporter Sarah Jane Smith. She would be equally good in the calmer situations of a photo session.
G A B, London E4

We are three Austrian men, diligent readers of your superb magazine.
Reading the letters gives us a lot of delight because it gives us a view of the global sexual scenario. Especially, we would like to refer to a letter from Mrs M K, from New South Wales, Australia, in Vol 12 No 9. The description of her figure – her tremendous boobs with the most unbelievable areolae and nipples – caused a great discussion here.
Since none of us could agree on what Mrs K actually looked like, we would suggest that she prove her qualities with some pictures.
Greetings, Mrs K, from Austria to Australia via *Mayfair*.
W M, G R, H S, Leoben, Austria

And thanks for a fresh phrase. We're often stuck for a new description of big breasts . . . 'global sexual scenario'. Sounds great!

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

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Hard as a little marble frog

Fiction by Tom Elliott

His sexy sister-in-law was divorced and willing. He knew where she kept her key at night, so why not a little bed-hopping?

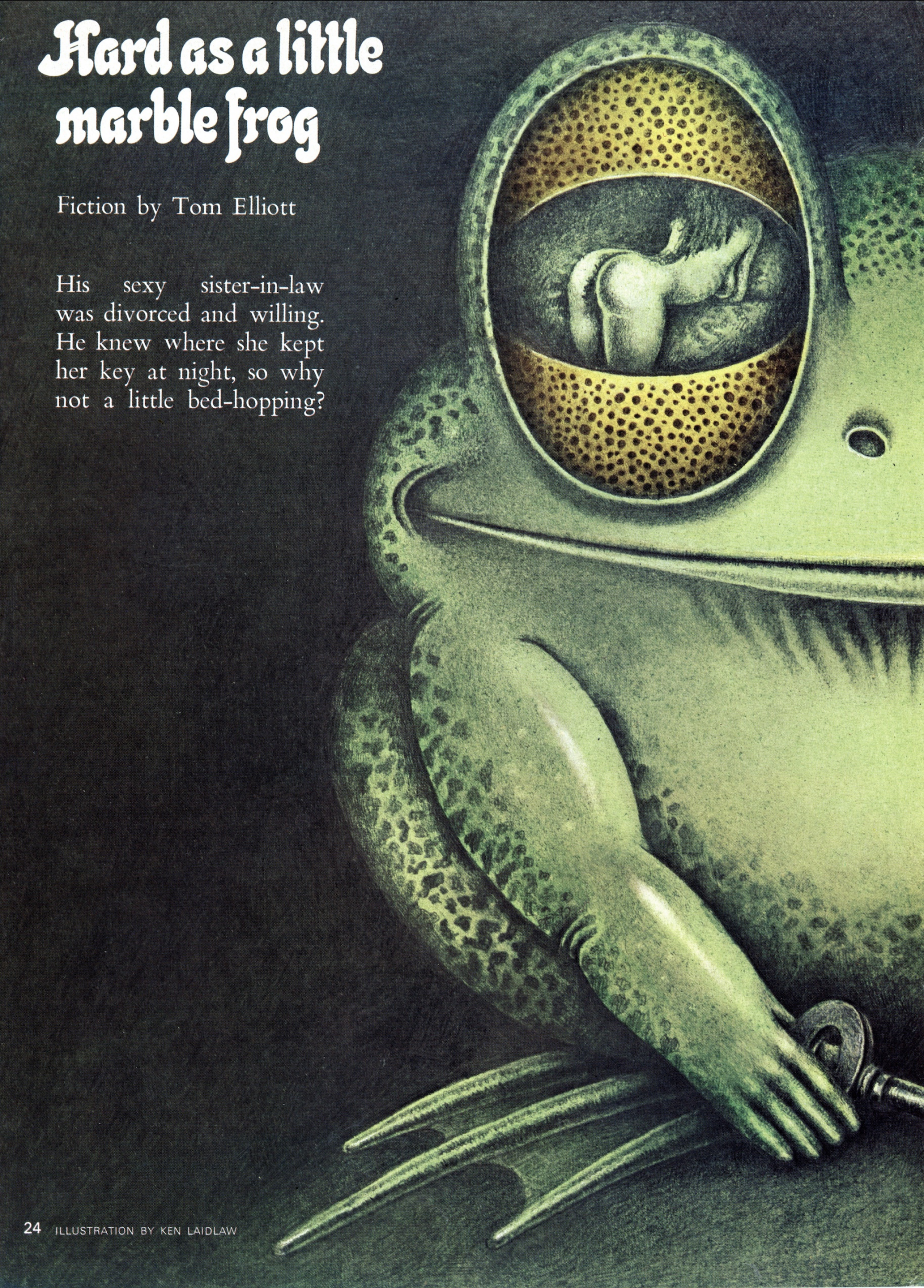

 ILLUSTRATION BY KEN LAIDLAW

'My English is very good don't you think?' she says, her dark eyes, sparkling. 'You Englishmen like French accents. You never laugh at me when I sometimes can't find the right words. It's not the same in France. English people trying to talk French are very funny, but we are also very rude at times and often laugh openly at them. I worked for a while in Paris in a cafe and I too must admit that I used to – how you say? – giggle. But here the boys I've met are really fascinated, just hearing me talk. The French accent must be very nice for them.' When not visiting the Laserium at the Planetarium and taking the occasional long-weekend shopping expedition to London, Dominique spends most of her time working as a croupier at a casino in Nice. 'I come to London, oh, about once every six months – mainly for shopping,' says 37–24–36 Dominique, quickly adding that it's not because of the quality and style of our clothes . . . 'it's just that they are so much cheaper. Your clothes aren't as chic as French-made clothes. I'm usually content with jeans, but

It began with Sal smiling at me across the lounge of the Del Rio hotel. It was her smile of invitation, the one that emphasized her dimples. The guy she was with was talking to anyone who would listen, unaware that Sal's attention lay elsewhere.

Later, in the crowded bar, I found myself standing close to Sal. We were back to back, each seemingly oblivious of the other's presence. It was difficult to move and the gentle pressure of Sal's searching buttock might have come my way by accident. Only I knew it didn't. I manoeuvred my position until my pocketed hand made contact with Sal's bum. Then I began feeling her through two layers of material. As the revellers closed in I got bolder. My hand freed itself from my trousers to caress Sal's firm-upholstered white skirt. She leaned back harder, pushing our secret to the brink of discovery. It became a dare to see which of us would break off first. Full against my palm now, my groping ruffling

her pleats, I could hear her voice lilting normally, telling her audience about a boat trip she would soon be taking.

Where was her man? If he didn't show shortly I would volunteer to see her home. I'd fancied Sal for years, all the time she'd been married to my crazy brother.

We caught each other's eye as if by accident. It involved a tricky change of position that had my hand sliding to the curvy thickness of her thigh. She didn't flinch. 'It's been a nice party, hasn't it?' was all she said.

'And getting nicer,' I replied, stroking her with fingers taut. 'Where's your bloke?'

Her face betrayed nothing. 'Powdering his nose. Who are you with?'

'Myself.'

I noticed him then, a huge man pushing his gentle way through the throng. Sal turned to me full-on, allowing him space to stand beside her. My hand arced beautifully over her leg before plunging undetected to her gusset. 'This is Michael, darling,' she told the big man. 'Known to his friends as Groper on account of his strange hobby . . . He assaults women in pubic places. Michael, this is Don.'

It was one hell of an introduction. Don and I didn't shake hands, there wasn't room. The crowd had pressed in further, binding Sal and me tighter together. Her blazer was open, the lapels peeled back like drapes over the twin protuberances of her high-neck blouse. My hand was still cupping her but there was little I could do with it. It rested static at the base of Sal's abdomen, sensing rather than feeling the heated welcome that lurked 'neath skirt and pantie girdle. It occurred to me that the touch-up would have to be terminated before Don thought me deformed. Sal's thrusting hips aborted my initial attempts at withdrawal. She was keen to have me stay there despite the risks involved. Eventually, however, I managed to disengage. She sneered in brief contempt, then flashed her dimples again.

We'd been chatting awhile when amiable Don muttered something about leaving. Sal told him to fetch the car to the front entrance and he moved off like a house-trained cyborg.

'How about me dropping in for a goodnight drink?' I suggested on Don's lumbering departure.

'Can't. I have company.'

I nodded into the hole her escort had just made in the crowd. 'Him, I suppose.'

Sal cocked a coy head. It didn't shake, neither did it nod. I thought about trying a hand round the bum again but decided the mood wasn't now conducive. It was straight-talk time so I did that instead. 'You know I fancy you,' I told her.

'I fancy you too.'

'Then let's get together.'

'Yes let's. But not tonight. I've told you.'

'I know. Then when?'

She looked off left, as though a happening too good to miss had just captured her attention. I looked as well but saw nothing. Sal was posing, exhibiting the classic perfection of her profile. She was good everywhere. Slightly shorter than I was, she wobbled her slim body on ultra-high heels. They elongated her already lengthy legs, bestowing poised elegance to her dieted figure. My ambition had always been – and still was – to screw Sal. But my brother, her erstwhile husband, had been in my way. Now he was gone it seemed only right that Sal's sexual servicing should remain in the family.

'Our kid must have been stupid to let you go,' I complimented on impulse.

'Your kid was stupid – period! All cock and gullibility.'

'How do you mean?'

'I mean he was shag-happy . . . thought with his testicles . . . a sucker for a story.'

I forced a square-jawed grin. 'Not hereditary, I assure you.'

Sal blinked long lashes. 'May I tell you something very personal?'

'Shoot.'

Her pretty face adopted an expression that I hadn't seen before. She became solemn, concerned, as if burdened with some massive secret. 'Your brother liked me to lick his ear. It was his kink . . . all I needed to turn him on. He'd orgasm better that way than with the real thing.'

I was suddenly hot with embarrassment, not at what I'd just heard but because I was at a loss to express myself. How should I react? Did I assume a blasé, man-of-the-world approach, or did I sympathize with

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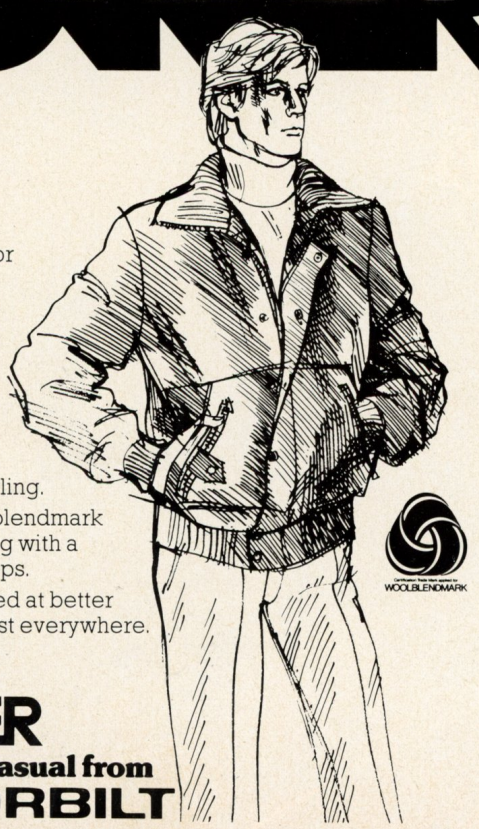

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sometimes I like to dress up more and it's there that you fall down. The majority of young women here dress very . . . drab – their clothes lack colour and style. On the whole I think English girls dress very poorly, don't you? Will you publish this alongside the photographs of me, wearing nothing at all?' she asks, her smile making way for a schoolgirl giggle. But for all her misgivings about our rag trade, Dominique is very much an Anglophile. 'When I was sixteen,' she purrs, 'I came here with a party from my school on an exchange scheme and I stayed with a family in Guildford. I like England very much but I don't think England is so popular with French people generally. You hear many English people in France but the reverse is not true – such a pity because England is such a pretty country.' As for Englishmen – that's a different tale. 'They are so charming, not as self-assured as French boys, but they don't expect too much on a first date, do they? I like that.'

Hard as a little marble frog

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my one-time sister-in-law? Before I could decide, Sal was talking again.

'It got so I hated going to bed with him,' she went on. 'And sometimes I would take Prudence up to do the licking for me.'

My embarrassment had gone, to be replaced by an incredulity that had me weak at the knees. 'Prudence?' I gasped, my senses reeling. 'She was a bleedin' cat!'

'A Siamese,' elucidated Sal. 'But he never knew. He thought it was me all the time.'

'And he never suspected?'

She thought a moment, then looked at me. It was as though she were fighting a losing battle with her inner self. 'I nearly told him the night Pru had an accident.'

'Accident?'

The struggle continued. Sal's chin trembled and her eyes were mascara hoods.' You, know . . . an accident . . . she made water.

What a sweet turn of phrase she had. And how vividly she conveyed the picture of the surrogate Siamese pissing all over my brother. I wanted to laugh but thought it more polite to enquire into her motives.

'Why?' I asked.

'Well, she'd had more milk than usual,' began Sal, 'and – '

'No, no,' I interrupted. 'Why did you do it in the first place?'

Sal shrugged. 'Devilment, I suppose. He was so easy. On that occasion I put it all down to passion and he accepted it without question. The hardening of his prick seemed to bring on a softening of his brain. It was uncanny. I've told you, he was all cock and gullibility.'

A silence ensued that made both of us uneasy. Sal looked a bit shame-faced after her confessions and I was doing nothing to help. I forced a smile and nudged her playfully. 'Still in the flat?' I asked. She didn't answer so I assumed she was. 'I pass on my way home,' I told her. 'I'll call in for that drink.'

'I'll be in bed.'

'Fine. Just keep a bulb burning so I can see to unbuckle my suspenders.'

The dimples etched deep this time. It was good to see Sal back to normal. 'Not tonight, Groper. Not Don either, if you must know.'

'The milkman? Name the swine and I'll buy his horse roller skates.'

She swayed away from me then, chassising like a dancer to blow a farewell kiss. I blew one back but she had already disappeared. By the time I reached the foyer she was climbing into a Lotus Europa. A doorman looked on hopefully as she stooped into the passenger seat, but Sal flashed no more leg than she'd been showing all night.

I returned to the bar, propping myself against a supporting wall. Sal monopolized my imagination and I began sinking the brandies with more than my usual efficiency. When leaving time came around I was smashed out of my mind. Driving my car was out of the question – always assuming I could have found it in the first place, that is.

Walking helped to stabilize my metabolism. A light burned in what I remembered as the bedroom. The rest of Sal's flat was in darkness. A Mini squatted at the kerb but there was no sign of the Lotus. I climbed the steps slowly, careful not to disturb a chorus line of empty milk bottles. My finger stiffened towards the illuminated bellpush only to pause in uncertainty. Inebriation was ebbing, leaving common sense with its head above the alcohol. Sal had been adamant about tonight not being on. Ringing her now could ruin my future chances. Clearer though my brain was it still fell to a take-over bid from another part of my anatomy. My prick had erected, stiffening like the finger hovered over the bell. How could I walk away now? The spirit was willing but the flesh was as rigid as a ramrod! Therein lay my dilemma.

I walked back down the steps and through the arch beneath the lighted window. It took me to the rear of the flat.

I felt cautiously along the rough brick wall until I reached the porch window. The knob was cold to my grasp but the door opened without a sound. The little marble frog wasn't where it used to be and my disappointment brought an onrush of panic. Thinking logically again, I divided the darkness into sectors, searching each one systematically. At last I found the frog . . . and beneath the frog the key.

Letting myself into Sal's kitchen I paused until my eyes accustomed themselves to the light. The door facing me led direct to the sitting room, with the bedroom off to the left. The last thing I wanted was to frighten Sal. On the other hand I couldn't very well sing out like hubby coming home from the office after a hard day shagging his secretary. I moved forward reluctantly, all the time thinking I should be moving back.

Negotiating the sitting room furniture extended my memory to its limit. Years had gone by since last I'd visited the flat. Sal had been a member of the family then, the highly desirable resident that convention prevented me from touching. We'd kissed at New Year and on birthdays, fleeting embraces that only heightened frustration. Tonight though, in the Del Rio, she'd come at me as a free woman. I'd fondled her intimately, exploring her secret parts prior to breaching them. And she was now only feet away on the other side of a door.

The light in her bedroom had been extinguished. Moonbeams illuminated the window area, casting shadows of gradually increasing density along the back wall. The bed I couldn't see. It lay in blackness, the only clue to its existence being the deep breathing of a woman in sleep. This was something I hadn't expected. I'd assumed Sal to be still awake, annoyed perhaps at seeing me but forgiving enough to let me stay. It was a crazy assumption, I know; the sort we indulge when booze erodes our thinking.

She stirred as I turned to leave. There was a rustle of bedclothes and the incoherence of someone surfacing to consciousness.

'Who is it?' she whispered wearily.

'It's me,' I answered. 'The Groper. I found the key in the old place.'

She didn't cry out, nor did she admonish

turn to page 80

SOUNDS SEDUCTIVE

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A turn-on for girls? Judging by your comments, our *Perfumed Garden* recordings are just that. Men who've played the LPs to girls tell astonishing stories of thawing frigidity and those with car cassette or cartridge players have also been quick to realise the sensual appeal of this erotic classic. And today's sexual equality means that few girls will be offended at even the frankest passages. The recordings are available either as a single-tape cassette; a twin cartridge tape; or a double LP in a full-cloour sleeve. Each has a total running time of 80 minutes and costs just £5.85, which is fully inclusive of postage and packing.

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In praise of June Palmer

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

Of all the models who graced the pin-up scene of the late fifties and early sixties, the appeal of one girl in particular was almost legendary. Her name was June Palmer and from our pictures below you can see why she was, at that time, Britain's most famous pin-up model. June's popularity was embodied in countless magazine spreads, adverts, films and television appearances, and

Hard as a little frog

continued from page 51

me for my gate-crashing. Thus encouraged I approached as far as the bedside. My mind and body were now as one with my erection, as if determined to see my long-awaited ambition realized. I was hard as that little marble frog inside the back porch. Sitting on the bed I felt around for her hand. 'Mind if I get in?' I asked.

She moved aside without a word and I stood to remove my clothes. The swish of nylon on flesh told me Sal's nightie had been dispensed with. My mind went back to the arse-feeling episode in the crowded bar of the hotel. She'd been tight, firm and curvy, her skirt girthing a powerhouse of gorgeous prick potential. This time I was to enjoy other delights besides those situated below the belt. Slim though she was, Sal carried considerable breastwork. Once topless at San Tropez she had won spontaneous applause from a group of French seamen. How jealous I had been of my brother on that occasion. He'd spent two weeks escorting her to nightclubs, to movies and to the beach. Left to me she would never have escaped the mattress. What a fool my brother was! Siamese Pru spoke for us all when she pissed all over him.

I bumped into Sal as I climbed onto the bed. Her head was away from me, low down, her voice little more than a whisper. 'Like this,' I heard her say.

My hands rested on humped buttocks. Sal was kneeling, haunches raised, inviting me to mount her from the rear. Who was I to refuse? I recalled an adjective my brother used so frequently when discussing Sal: 'Adaptable'.

She sighed deeply as I entered. It was as though my advancing prick was somehow forcing air from her other end. Her vagina was a freeway, a fluid-wet channel down which I slid to maximum.

Taking Sal this way, however, wasn't without its disadvantages. It robbed me of the peripherals. I didn't kiss and I didn't caress. Her cunt was my all; that and my lewd imagination. I thought of the hotel, Sal topless at Tropez, even the photo I had of her in bridal white. She was a girl a man could sport like a medal. Others would envy him, embracing dreams as fervently as he embraced the real thing.

Here I was at last into Sal. Her bum, now outlined in the light, rose solid before me, a target for my spearing loins. She didn't falter as I rammed home the ham. And even when my stroke increased she still crouched firm. My cock was basking deep at orgasm. My will decreed that the rhythm be maintained, but my jellied thighs were fast running to liquid. And so I throbbed and hovered there, Sal shuddering violently to the vaginal antics of her phallic visitor. She moaned and moaned, then sobbed ecstatically into her eiderdown.

Eventually, I climbed off, hoping Sal would roll to her back and perhaps kiss me in gratitude. She didn't. She merely collapsed forward once the stiffener had been removed. I'd fucked her good, almost to coma, and pride brushed aside the disappointment of not receiving that thank-you kiss.

Bursting for a piss I felt around for my clothes. When the full complement had been retrieved I crept towards the door. I paused before going out to glance back in the direction of the bed. 'Want I should come back?' I asked.

The reply wasn't couched in a language I could understand but I assumed it to be a negative. It figured. I'd shagged her hard; like some sex-crazed mongrel only minutes away from the humane killer. It was a proud man that examined his now softening phallus in the bathroom.

I dressed while I was there, then located the kitchen. The chicken was cold but fleshy and eating it set me thinking about an encore with Sal. Surely she wouldn't mind me climbing in beside her, screwing her conventionally and fondling the body I'd been admiring for so long.

'What the hell are you doing here?'

I turned to see Sal, eyes ablaze and holding a poker. She was wearing an unsexy dressing gown belted over an ankle-length nightie. Her make up was off and her hair awry.

'Feeling peckish,' I said, unnerved by the suddenness of her approach.

She moved closer, the poker assuming a less threatening attitude by her side. The angry expression still lingered, however.

'Help yourself,' she snapped. 'What I have is yours. You do realize I could have you arrested for house-breaking?'

I looked at her over the half-consumed chicken. 'Come off it, Sal. You wouldn't do that.'

She glared at me.

'Bloody right I would! How did you get in?'

'I've told you . . . Key under the frog.'

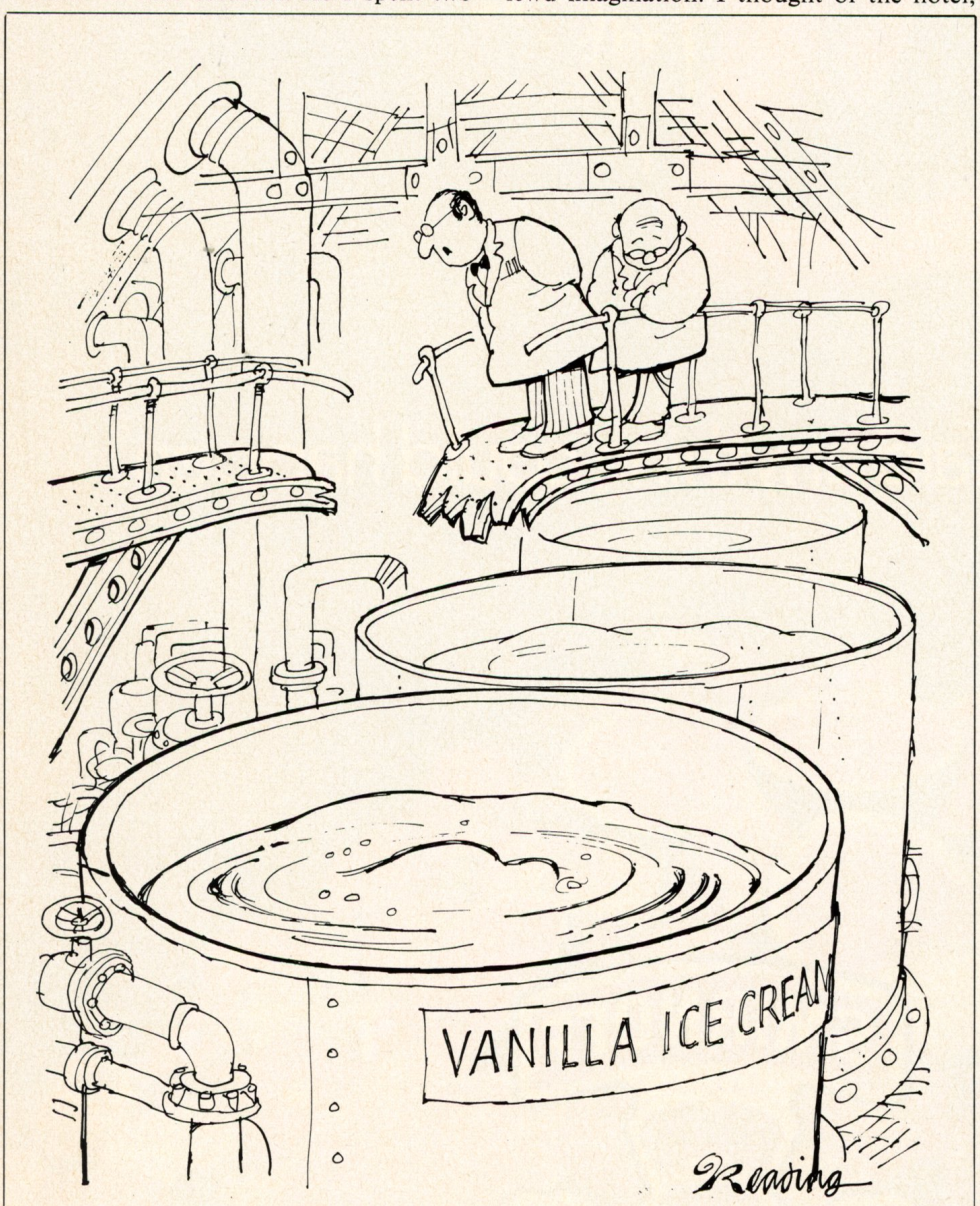
'Well you can just piss off out of it.'

'But you invited me.'

'Time and place. Anyway that was the party. I was drunk.'

A bollocking was one thing but I wasn't to be humiliated 'Who's talking about the party?' I asked. 'You know what I mean?'

I jerked a thumb in the direction of the



'Just a minute before you call the ambulance, Henshaw; we've just invented raspberry ripple.'

when she retired from full-time professional modelling in the mid-sixties, it was almost like the end of an era. That status quo might well have still existed had we not run a

photo-set of another great model, Annie Walker, back in October of last year. Many readers, their imaginations fired and their memories stirred, began asking us to track June

bedroom. 'Doggy-style in there . . . Woof-woof . . . Remember?'

Sal glared and waved a restraining arm. 'Quiet! You'll wake Janice.'

'Janice?'

'Janice. My company. I told you. She's left home again. I've let her have my bed.'

My jaw swung loose somewhere below my face. It was all I could do to co-ordinate it with what my vocal cords were attempting to communicate. 'You mean the settee,' I mumbled after a time.

It was Sal's turn to look confused. 'What?'

'Janice. You said she had your bed. You meant the settee.'

Her blonde hair shook across a questioning expression. 'I meant my bed, stupid! Some trouble over a boyfriend. She's walked out. Doesn't want them to know she's here. That's why I couldn't go into detail earlier.'

My mouth then acted independently of my brain, emitting the two syllables.

'Janice.'

Sal struck the traditional fishwife pose, feet apart arms akimbo. 'Janice,' she repeated. 'The name does ring a bell, I suppose.'

It did, actually. In fact it was ringing more than one bell. The climatic clang of the whole '1812 Overture' was now resounding in and around every corner of my whirling skull. Then came the images, the mind-pictures the name evoked. I saw a pig-tailed girl with a brace on her teeth dissolve to be reformed wearing a gym-slip and knee-length socks. This went too, and in its place came a sylphy bird playing tennis on the back lawn of my mother's house. How old would Janice be now? Fourteen, fifteen? Old enough for boy-friends certainly, and fit enough to take shaft up her rear. So why the fuss? Why the self-recrimination at screwing one so long of leg and bountiful of boob? Too young? Nonsense! Janice was prime passion; the sweetest thing I'd seen in tennis shorts. No, my remorse lay rooted in a far graver explanation.

Sal was talking again, piercing my confusion with words I could only just grasp. 'No, no,' she said suddenly. 'You'll have to see her. Be helpful. Say you called to see what you could do . . . OK?'

'Erm . . . well . . . yer see. . . ' It struck me that my side of the dialogue was letting down the whole scene. Then came the notion of making a quick dart round Sal and dashing for the street as though my arse was on fire. The prospect of seeing Janice terrified me to the point of nausea. Oh, she was attractive enough, and sexy. She was a bird any bloke would be proud of screwing, especially backwards between those fit and fisty buttocks. So why my reluctance to hang about for the consequences? Because Janice was my bloody kid sister, that's why!

But Sal didn't intend letting me escape. Seizing my coat sleeve she tugged me towards where Janice lay sleeping. 'Wait here,' she instructed. 'I'll see if she's awake.'

Left like a Tussaud's reject I did as I was told. The closing door separated me from Sal, cacooning me in a choking silence. Sal's call, when it came was, delivered in her more usual voice. It was pleasant, lilting, and as normal as my situation was bizarre. 'Come in, Mike,' she sang.

I hesitated, swelled suddenly to wild confidence, then hesitated again. Meanwhile, back in the bedroom, Sal was either suspicious or just impatient. 'Mike? . . . Mike! . . . Are you there, Mike?'

I was ensnared. There was no escape. I was about to be exposed for the incestuous rat I was. My mind was in limbo, my instincts passed into Sal's control.

Trapping a deep breath between tensed ribs I forced open the door and crossed the threshold. Sal was alone. She was naked and amused, her laughter supplying attactive mobility to her dimples.

'Just like your brother,' she giggled. 'All cock and gullibility. Take your pants off and give your brains an airing.'

Her practical joke had met with unqualified success. Small wonder Sal found it so funny I grinned, a little in relief but mainly in gallant salute to the victor. 'Touché,' I said, preparing to undress for the second time.

Sal laughed harder, wobbling her breasts and rippling her abdomen. Screwing her was on again providing I could raise the necessary wherewithal with which to do it.

'Alright if we keep the light on?' I asked, stripping off my shirt and keeping a wary eye out for Prudence.

ROLL ON CHRISTMAS

AND OUR 180-PAGE 10-GIRL BUMPER ISSUE

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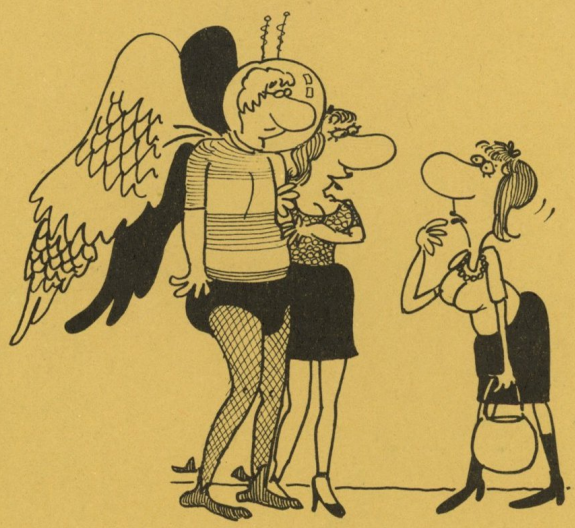
'Sis, there's some creep at the door asking for you.'

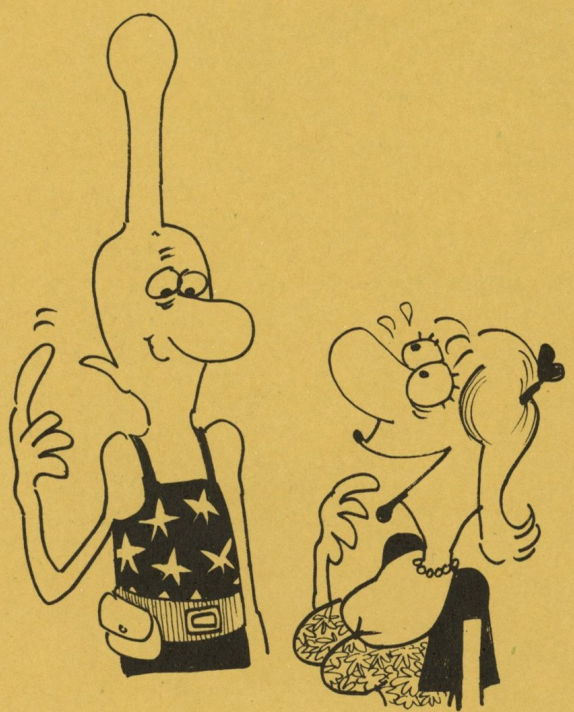
PLANET OF THE CROPES

With the current upsurge of interest
in science fiction, Peter Maddocks thought it time
to bring the subject back down to earth

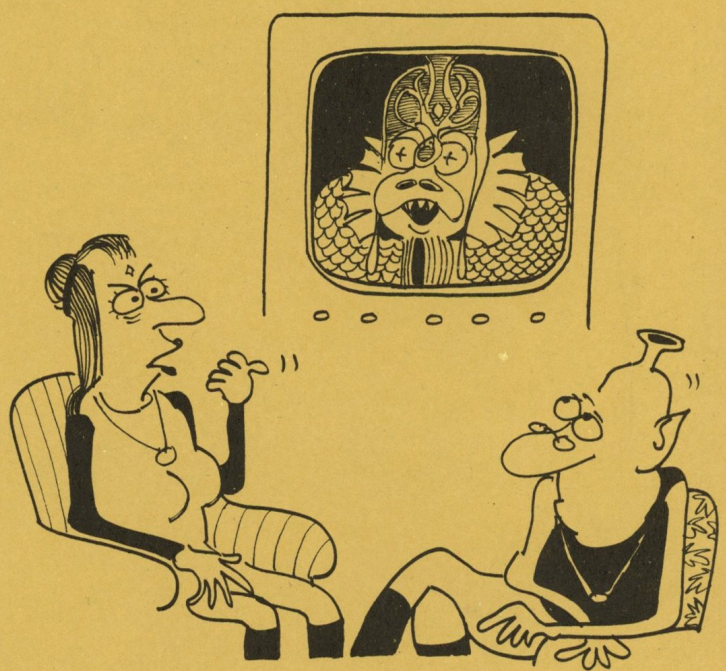
'Don't panic. It can only be Flash Gordon.'



'Leave your bedroom window open when there's a full moon and the bedside lamp attracts them.'



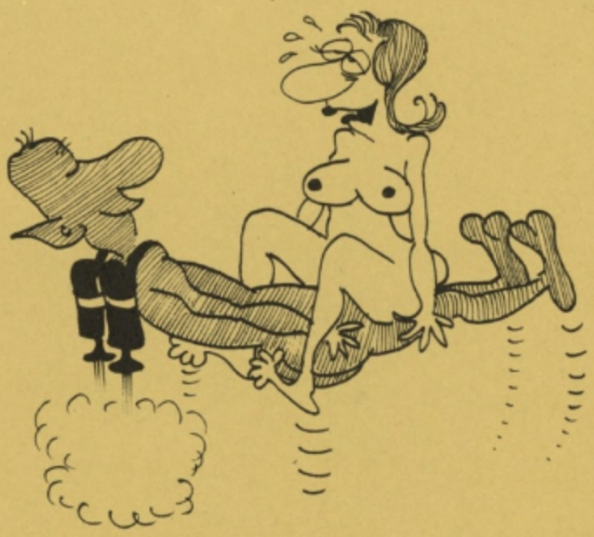
'. . . and I thought it was some kind of antenna.'



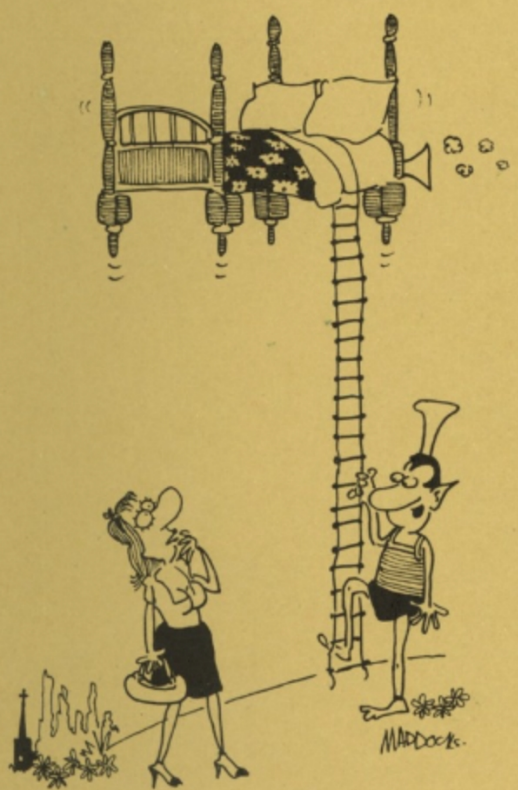
'Politicians – I ask you – would you buy a second-hand space ship from that face?'

down. After much detective work we finally succeeded in locating June, still living in London and still working as a model – not for magazines, but for camera clubs. We will pass your requests on to her. . . The resulting photo-set is something of a landmark, as it's the very first time June has appeared in a 'modern', full-colour magazine spread. 'I found it slightly difficult to adapt,' admits June, 'because it's all very different to when I first modelled twenty years ago. Then I only got paid ten shillings an hour, would you believe! And there's pubic hair now too. No professional photographer would use you if you hadn't shaved when I first started. It was either that or the airbrush and shaving was easier!' June smiles. 'It's not really true that I ever retired as I still do a great deal of figure work for camera clubs – and I plan to go on

'Had your eyeful?'



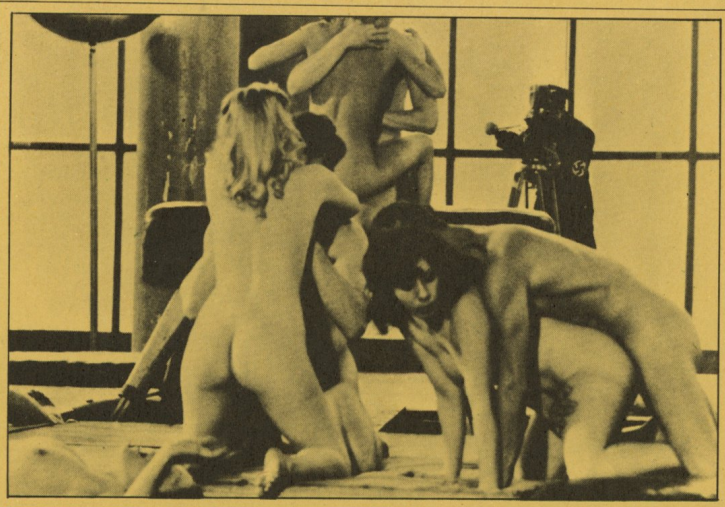
'Stand by Houston – we have lift off.'



'You didn't expect me to come looking for a mate in a flying saucer, did you?'

'If you call that sex it's no wonder it's taken two million years to make contact.'

doing so too.' Not a difficulty, you'd think, viewing 36-year-old June's splendidly curvy 38–25–36 figure. 'Of all the assignments I've had,' recalls June, 'I think the best was down at Brands Hatch. It was supposed to be a topless shot for an American calendar and I agreed to do it with the proviso that the press weren't there. But when I turned up, you couldn't move for press photographers, so I refused.' She grins. 'In order to placate me, my fee was doubled and I ended up getting £150 for two minutes work, which was a good fee back in the early sixties.' That apart, June's credits encompass films like *Moll Flanders* and TV programmes like *Z-Cars*. 'I was invariably cast as a lady of easy virtue,' smiles June, 'but I can assure you *nothing* could be further from the truth. In fact, I'm just a very, very good model.'



Top: candidates for Nazi Germany's most famous brothel, 'Salon Kitty' (X) get stuck into training. Below: Mayfair *centregirl Alexandra Bogojevic makes the grade. See film review (right.)*

FILMS

Gerald Cole

*****A Classic, ****Excellent, ***Good, **Average, *Boring
♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic, ♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing, ♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp, ♡No discernable sex content

♡♡♡ **Salon Kitty (X), 2 hrs 7 mins. It's a matter of historical record that in 1939 the Gestapo took over Berlin's most famous brothel – Salon Kitty – re-staffed it with loyal female Hitler Youth members, appropriately trained in the erotic arts, and used them to spy on high-ranking Nazi clients. Starting point for this erotic epic, reality is soon left behind as director Tinto Brass explores what he sees as an inevitable schism between Nazi ideology and the girls' natural, ie sexual feelings: one commits suicide after an orgy, another falls in love etc. A worthy enough theme, but with the number of arbitrary cuts which mangle the plot, the result is a bizarre mixture of *Cabaret*, *Salo* and *Monty Python*. Twenty Salon recruits and 20 SS men strip and copulate with gymnastic precision to the strains of martial music. Undergoing rigorous sex tests, statuesque *mädchens* perform variously with a hunch-backed dwarf and a legless concentration camp victim. An apparently nose-less SS adjutant communicates in a hoarse bawl that shakes the cinema. Helmut Berger stalks about imperiously as the salon's power-mad SS overseer; Alexandra Bogojevic (centregirl in *Mayfair* Vol 12 No 5) is an (inexplicable) suicide – victim of one of the most awkward cuts. But the film's most impressive performance comes from English actress, Teresa Ann Savoy. As a recruit whose arrogance obsesses Herr Berger, she invests her role with a depth and conviction that stands out a mile.

♡♡ **Fire Sale (A), 1 hr 29 mins.

Alan Arkin (the Armenian hero of *Catch-22*) directs himself in this comic blending of *It's A Mad Mad Mad Mad World* and *M*A*S*H*. The tale of a failed football coach (his team members stone him to work each morning) and his hyper-neurotic family, it's an exercise in bad taste which should have been hysterically funny: Arkin decides to solve his domestic and work problems by adopting a 16-year-old, seven feet tall negro baseball genius; he and his brother try to steer their overbearing father – currently in a terminal coma – through an insurance medical by disguising his condition with sun glasses and rouge. But the overall tone is of such unrelieved hysteria that the humour is squeezed to a thin chuckle or, at worst, painful embarrassment.

♡♡ **The Other Side of Midnight (X), 2 hrs 5 mins. This story of a beautiful young French girl (Marie-France Pisier) who, abandoned by her American lover (John Beck) in 1940 Paris, turns herself into a European film star and the lover of a Greek shipping millionaire in order to win him back, claims to be a 'woman's picture' in the great Hollywood tradition. At least it demonstrates that the Hollywood greats were such because they always *believed* in what they were showing. Here characterisation and plotting carry all the conviction of an average *Batman* episode. For those males unfortunate enough to be persuaded into seeing it, consolation may come in spotting the phallic symbols – at almost every appearance our heroine is discovered stroking chess pieces or standing within sight of a handy pillar or tower. Or in working out exactly what she does with a handful of ice cubes when she nakedly straddles a new lover.

♡♡♡ **Private Vices and Public Virtues (X), 1 hr 44 mins. A dubious film first on British screens – an erection pumped by a female hand – marks this erotic extravaganza from Hungary's leading director, Miklos Jancso. Like *Salon Kitty*, based on historical fact – the mutual suicide of Rudolph, heir to the Austro-Hungarian empire, and his commoner mistress in an Austrian hunting lodge last century – the film soon abandons hard fact for harder fornication. When not screwing his half-sister and half-brother, or being gently brought off by his buxom nanny, young Rudolph – a fledgling revolutionary – plots to discredit his tyrannical dad. His plan is to invite sons and

turn to page 40

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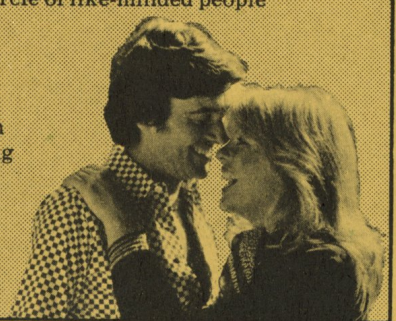

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Films

continued from page 38

daughters of the empire's leading families to a party, drug them and create an orgy – to be photographed, and the pictures published. Needless to say, the orgy succeeds brilliantly and Rudolph meets his factual mistress – here a hermaphrodite circus performer (*Salon* star, Teresa Ann Savoy). Less a narrative than an endlessly prologued all-nude ballet, the film's lyrical and deliberately unrealistic style tends to deflate the highly explicit content. Even the executioners of Rudolph and company – the 'suicide' becomes a political expedient – fire their revolvers like pirouetting dancers.

****♡♡♡ **Salo or The 101 Days of Sodom** (No certificate), 1 hr 57 mins. Four fascist psychopaths wreak their perversions on kidnapped teenagers in wartime Italy. But the atmosphere is so bleak and despairing, even an arch-sadist might find his nastiness numbed.

***♡♡ **Fellini's Casanova** (X), 2 hrs 43 mins. Gorgeous-to-look-at, poetic biography of 18th century Italy's most famous rake. But, as a rambling succession of (clothed) sexual acts, it's pornography without the porn and consequently very thin meat indeed.

****♡♡ **The Spy Who Loved Me** (A), 2 hrs 5 mins. Excellent entertainment value in this latest gadgetry-dominated 007 epic. Roger Moore is witty, Barbara Bach beautiful and intelligent, the special effects inspired, but the real hero is seven feet two inch Richard Kiel as a comically indestructible villain with welded steel teeth. You can expect to see him again.

♡♡♡ **Alice in Wonderland (X), 1 hr 20 mins. A truly embarrassing musical-comedy porno version of the classic, filmed on a shoestring with all the laces showing. With 12 minutes cut – none too subtly – from the much meatier American original, disappointment seems hard to avoid.

***♡♡♡♡ **Immoral Tales** (London X), 1 hr 43 mins. Oral sex by stopwatch on a Normandy beach; a teenage girl's prolonged infatuation with a cucumber; bathrooms full of 19th century Hungarian virgins and incestuous threesomes with a corrupt medieval Pope. The plots are muddled, the camera's loving and detailed attention to feminine nudity beautiful and consistently arousing.

***♡ **A Bridge Too Far** (A), 2 hrs 55 mins. Spectacle and apparent respect for historical fact make up for the dull thought behind this brisk and straightforward account of the 1944 Arnhem disaster: ie war is hell. Not if it's as enthralling to watch as this, it isn't.

♡♡♡ **The Streetwalker (X), 1 hr 09 mins. Slightly quirky tale of a French businessman who, despite a gorgeous wife' falls for a Paris prostitute (Sylvia Kristel). Explicit rather than erotic, it's best for Kristel-gazers, her performance (clothed and unclothed) is excellent.

NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

The passing of *Prunier's* noted seafood restaurant, late of St James's Street, SW1 (a Japanese restaurant called *Suntory*, has opened there now) spotlights the fact that high overheads and the high prices of fish and crustacea have completely changed the seafood scene.

With cod and haddock expensive, and sole out of sight, the chips are stacked against the marine restaurateur's success, unless his restaurant has a special quality which enables the place to survive in the current economic climate. Time, then, to remind you of the fine seafood restaurants which *are* surviving, and the special reason in each instance which will attract you.

Of course, **Bentley's** in Swallow Street, W1 (Tel: 01-734 6210) has survived because it fulfils everybody's dream of an oyster bar: the experienced waiters opening the oysters in front of you with unsurpassed dexterity, the old bar with individual napkins secured to the front next to your knees, and the amazing lunchtime business which

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HILARY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
DAVID HINTON

For a girl with the sugar-and-spice good looks of someone brought up to respectable privilege, and the kind of 35–24–36 inch body that will ensure she'll get most of what she wants regardless of background, 20-year-old Hilary Stephens is unusually addicted to outrage. 'An ex-boyfriend and I thought up a scheme we wanted to carry out in a big local newsagents,' she explains. 'He'd go in on his own and start leafing through *Mayfair* and really get engrossed in all the girlie pictures. And then I'd walk in, without saying anything to him, and stand next to him, glancing through a woman's magazine. Meanwhile he'd get more and more engrossed and then turn round, see me, throw the magazine away and fling himself on me and make mad passionate love. I'd of course respond like mad.' Her wide eyes widen at the thought. 'Now I'm actually *in* the magazine the effect would be absolutely incredible!' Her voice is high, laced with the Jilly Cooper tones of her private school upbringing. 'Squeaky,' she insists, 'especially when I'm excited – "A demure look" – no, better

A GOOD DEAL OF PLEASURE

Tele-bird Glenda Allen (Vol. 8 No. 6) is one of the twenty lovelies – not including a 'Girls of the Year' review – to be uncovered in our five issue bargain deal. For a mere £2.40 we'll send to you Vol. 8 Nos. 6, 7, 8 and 9 and Vol. 9 No. 12.

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Nightlife
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makes it imperative to telephone and book a table. The son of the family, Bill Bentley, does very nicely too in **Bill Bentley's** Restaurant and Wine Bar in Beauchamp Place, Chelsea, SW3 (Tel: 01-589 5080) where the attraction is, apart from Bill's jovial self, the unusual combination of a stand-up wine bar specialising in the sale of seafood as well. A basement bar has some of the most reasonably priced fish dishes in London and the first-floor restaurant is always adequate.

La Carafe in Lowndes Street, SW1 (Tel: 01-235 2525) is one of the Wheeler's chain of restaurants and Belgravia's only fish restaurant and has therefore cornered the smarter end of the market there. The conversion downstairs is not particularly inspiring, but there remains the little ground floor room with its original decor.

The **Contented Sole** in Exhibition Road, South Kensington (Tel: 01-584 8359) provides a piano and piano player to accompany your fish and chips. The decor is Victorian. You can, if you wish, order Dr W G Grace's Curried Prawns,' named after the famous cricketer who scored 300 runs at Canterbury.

Flanagan's in St Martin's Lane, just off Trafalgar Square (Tel: 01-836 5358) offers a family venue where children are welcome, and at this and the other branches of the same name, the sawdust-on-the-floor decor and the serving staff in long skirts and boaters set a pattern for cheerful fish and chips at a very reasonable price.

Le Suquet is a relatively new restaurant in Draycott Avenue, Chelsea, SW3 (Tel: 01-581 1785) and is the 'find of the year'. Imagine an enormous cork platter placed in front of you with a whole crab on it, six oysters, six giant prawns, and a pile of mussels, cockles and clams – the whole for £4.50. A meal in itself. The contents are brought fresh from France daily and served delightfully chilled: but booking is essential because tables in this simple white-washed room are in great demand.

Overton's in Victoria Buildings, by Victoria Station, SW1 (Tel: 01-834 3774) could well be the Best Bargain of the Year for those who don't mind dining in what could be termed genteel shabbiness. There's a famous story that the shades of the table lamps have been there for three generations. However, reconstruction is now going on in the building. Their other branch, in St James's Street, SW1 (Tel: 01-839 3774) is, of course, impeccable and has been for many years, with a luncheon trade which stays constant.

Good news for the *habitués* of the **Poissonnerie de L'Avenue** in Sloane Avenue, Chelsea, SW3 (Tel: 01-589 2457): they are expanding into the premises next door. The *Poissonnerie* is now established as one of the best fishy places in Kensington and Chelsea – although regulars strive to avoid the first-floor room, which is rather cold and uninviting. The new downstairs extension should help.

Scott's of Mount Street, Mayfair (Tel: 01-629 5248) compiled a special silk-tassled red, white and blue menu for Jubilee Year with four Silver Jubilee speciality dishes, including *'Demi-Homard'* and *'Crabe Balmoral'* which is sliced lobster and crab in Chablis sauce, garnished with mushrooms, truffles and coated in a creamy lobster sauce at £9 a dish. A large Dover sole is £5.70 and a portion of French beans £1 – this being the first time that I have seen the dreaded £1 per portion for vegetables. *Scott's* is very good, but outrageously expensive.

Sheekey's of St Martins Court, just off St Martins Lane (Tel: 01-836 4118), has also just been taken over by Scott's: our modest two course meal for two with one carafe of house wine came to over £14. By comparison, prices are far more reasonable at branches of **Wheeler's**, and in particular the atmosphere of the Duke of York Street restaurant, just off Jermyn Street (Tel: 01-930 2460) is especially pleasing, with the downstairs seafood bar and small dining-rooms on each floor of this lovely olde-worlde house with it's twisting staircases and sloping floors.

The ultimate seafood restaurant, both alphabetically and as far as exclusivity is concerned, is undoubtedly **Wilton's** in Bury Street, SW1 (Tel: 01-930 8391). Sufficiently small to be able to decline bookings if they do not know you, since they are always full.

say, when I'm *enthusiastic*. Don't want my boyfriends to think I'm going to start singing *Carmen* when things start getting interesting. That would put anyone off.' At school she was, she says, 'extremely naughty – right from the very beginning; I'd never have put up with myself.' Japes included simple tricks like slipping the odd grain of sugar into an English mistress's ancient car – 'She was not at all mechanical and went around cursing the thing; in the end she sold it to our gym instructor and immediately it worked perfectly, because we stopped sugaring it!' And the most awkward moment of all when a boy from a nearby school was smuggled into a fifth former dormitory and was persuaded to play strip poker until a hasty escape in front of a

THE RAID TO KILL ROMMEL

By Gerald Rawling

Ill-luck and tragedy dogged the raid on Rommel's HQ, but it created a commando legend

ILLUSTRATION MICHAEL CODD

It was around midnight and pouring with rain when they finally came in sight of their objective. It was the night of November 17/18, 1941 and they were on the North African coast, on the outskirts of a modest Cyrenaican town named Beda Littoria although the Arabs still called it Sidi Rafa, as they had always done. Across a batch of mud hovels – dignified by the local inhabitants with the name of Suk el Zabat – loomed the six-storey building which was their principal target. The Italians who had built it, called it the 'Prelettura', a relic of pre-war days when it had been used for municipal or local authority purposes. The Arabs, however, once again disagreeing, christened it in their own kind of pidgin German, the Rommelhaus because now it was the site of that distinguished general's rear headquarters.

The leader of the raiding party was a slight man of 24 wearing one of those pencil thin moustaches which were fashionable at the time largely through the influence of Hollywood motion picture stars like Ronald Colman and Warner Baxter. The moustache was now scarcely visible in a face which had been blackened for the operation. His uniform was unadorned by badges of rank – although he was a Lieutenant-Colonel – and by medal ribbons – although he was a holder of the Military Cross and the Croix de Guerre. The only piece of equipment he carried which might have identified him as a British officer was the outsize Colt .45 automatic he held in his hand. He halted the party and went ahead with three men to make a preliminary reconnaissance,

checking first on a large bell tent in the grounds which was supposed to house the guard. He found it empty – all the sentries, apparently, having taken refuge in the house itself except one that he could see patrolling the area of the main gate. He approached the sentry from behind in the by then accepted commando style, getting one arm around the man's throat and forcing his head back while the other hand slid the thin blade of the commando knife into the vainly struggling torso. The body straightened in a final convulsive rictus and then collapsed quietly onto the sodden ground.

With the only visible sentry killed, the main body formed up for the assault. They approached the front door and, since it was locked, knocked loudly while one of the German-speaking commandos demanded imperiously to be let in. They were rewarded with the appearance of a steel-helmeted officer in a greatcoat who opened the door and started to demand their business. Before he had two words out the commando leader levelled his Colt and stepped inside. But the German officer was a brave and determined man: he grabbed the muzzle of the automatic and the two men wrestled with the gun in the small porch between the outer doors and an inner glass pair which opened into the hallway. For interminable seconds the two men struggled in silence, but then the German began to shout and one of the other commandos sidled through the outer door with some difficulty and then shot him with a .38 pistol.

By now the element of surprise was completely gone and the small British force clattered into the building. They found themselves in a large stone-floored hallway with a flight of stone steps leading to the upper storeys on their right. The place was dimly lit by a single electric light bulb. Their leader, the colonel, started flinging open the doors leading off the hall – there was one on the right and two on the left. The one on the right was unnoccupied, so was the first of the two on the left. At that moment there was shouting from upstairs and a pair of feet appeared, stumbling down the staircase. One of the commandos cut loose with a burst from his Tommy gun and the feet promptly about turned and vanished upstairs. By this time the colonel had reached the second door on the left which was just beginning to open showing a shaft of light from inside. He flung open the door to reveal a large guard room in which about ten Germans stood or sat in frozen surprise. He fired two or three shots from his Colt and then his second in command, a captain, shouted: 'Wait I'll throw a grenade in.' The colonel slammed the door shut again while the pin was pulled. 'Right,' said the captain and the colonel re-opened the door. The grenade was rolled in and one of the other commandos sent in a burst of Tommy gun fire for good measure. 'Well done,' shouted the colonel – and as he said these words the Germans opened fire. A bullet struck him just over the heart and he collapsed, his Colt automatic clattering to the floor. Thus

Lt-Colonel Geoffrey Keyes VC, MC, Croix de Guerre, who died aged 24 in the raid he led against Rommel's HQ.

ended the short and eventful life of Lieutenant-Colonel Geoffrey Charles Tasker Keyes, VC, MC, the hero of what has come to be known as the Rommel raid. Just whose idea it was to mount a raid on Rommel's Headquarters is uncertain but beyond question it was sanctioned by GHQ Cairo and that meant that the operation had the blessing of the C-in-C Middle East, General Sir Claude Auchinleck. It was a time when the encircled garrison at Tobruk was still holding on with difficulty and the British planned a major offensive for its relief using General Cunningham's Eighth Army. The attack was scheduled for November 18 and by coincidence Rommel was also planning an offensive with the object of finally taking Tobruk; his push was timed for just five days later – November 23. Auchinleck, a firm believer in using unorthodox methods, gave the go ahead to all sorts of irregular operations timed to dovetail with the offensive. These included extended activities by the Special Air Service (SAS) and the Long Range Desert Group (LRDG); but the most audacious plan of all was a commando strike against Rommel's Headquarters with the dual object of paralysing the general's command post and at the same time 'getting' Rommel himself, either by killing him or by evacuating him to Allied-held territory as a prisoner.

Responsibility for this extraordinary piece of derring-do devolved upon the 11th Scottish Commando and its commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Geoffrey Keyes and it may be reasonable at this point to consider, however briefly, his background and how he had contrived to reach relatively high rank at the age of 24.

He was born into an upper middle class family with a long history of military service, although his father had broken with tradition by choosing the Navy as a career and was to achieve the ultimate rank of Admiral of the Fleet and the distinction of a barony before he died in 1945. As a matter of interest Keyes senior was the instigator of the famous Zeebrugge Raid of World War One and, in the later conflagration, was hauled out of retirement to become the first Director of Combined Operations – this at the instigation of Winston Churchill who stoutly maintained that able men should not be allowed to moulder away in retirement at a time when the country needed their services. Young Geoffrey too, would have chosen the Navy but his eyesight let him down in the stiff medical and so it was Eton and Sandhurst rather than the Osborne and Dartmouth he would have preferred and he was commissioned in the Royal Scots Greys in 1937 where he spent a few happy years of peacetime soldiering and became proficient in the sports of ski-ing and sailing. As a cavalry officer, of course, he was necessarily an accomplished horseman and regularly rode to hounds or at point-to-points.

The outbreak of war found him in Palestine but he quickly volunteered for special service and, as a competent skier, was sent to Norway in the vain attempt to hold Narvik. On evacuation he immediately volunteered for the newly formed Commando organisation and was posted to the 11th Scottish Commando. Almost immediately he was promoted Acting Major and appointed second-in-command. In June, 1941 the unit went into action for the first time in Syria – one of the more tragic and ironic operations of the war when British and Australian troops fought a savage and bloody campaign against the Vichy French, in the course of which Keyes' commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Pedder, was killed. Thus, at the age of 24, he found himself leading the commando with the acting rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

Plans for the operation against Rommel's Headquarters were well advanced when they first came to the attention of Colonel R E Laycock who was responsible for all Middle East commando operations. He regarded the whole venture as desperate in the extreme and gave it as his considered opinion that the attack 'meant almost certain death for those who took part in it.' Nevertheless, he decided to go along as an observer although without taking part in the actual raid. This may sound a little odd – an officer senior to all ranks in the operation who was not going to be involved other than as an observer – but it seems certain that Laycock went along not only as an observer but as adviser, both before the operation was mounted from the landing place and, more important, afterwards, when with Rommel hopefully in the bag, an important command decision might have to be taken in the light of circumstances then obtaining on whether to attempt a decidedly risky evacuation of the prisoner to Allied territory or simply to kill him in cold blood and leave his body on the beach.

Preliminary intelligence work had already been carried out by a Captain Haselden, a British officer attached to the Libyan Arab Force, who spoke fluent Arabic and

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night-patrolling prefect. 'He was so scared we were all cheating like mad and had him down to his pants in no time. He couldn't understand why none of us got to take our nighties off. Actually, though, I felt quite sorry for him because he was very fanciable.' Hilary is, she happily admits, 'quite fruity. I could never jump into bed with a man just because he was there and was prepared to buy me a meal. But if I do take a fancy to someone, then watch out! I tend to be ridiculously generous.' An arch look. 'With time and food,' she smiles. 'With my last boyfriend I seem to have spent every waking minute preparing him vast and exotic meals – I am a marvellous cook. That's not boasting; I can show you the diplomas.' Based in a Fulham flat close to the Thames, she's a bus ride from the estate agency where she works. 'I'm very demure when I'm there,' she says. 'Awfully restrained, though I did tell one rather important client that the Knightsbridge mansion he was after would make a superb brothel. I must call in one day because he bought it at once.'

The Raid to Kill Rommel

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Italian. Later he was dropped in by parachute in the vicinity of the proposed landing area while the raiding force, numbering about 60, set off from Alexandria in the submarines *Torbay* and *Talisman*. They arrived off the chosen beach in the dark hours of November 13/14 and *Torbay* started disembarking her troops into rubber dinghies while *Talisman* stood out to sea and kept watch. Although navigation had been immaculate and Haselden's winking torch had been identified on the beach, the weather conditions were terrible with a heavy sea running which kept sweeping dinghies over the side and capsizing those already afloat. It took seven hours to get Keyes, two officers, 24 other ranks and a Palestinian interpreter ashore. Then it was *Talisman's* turn with only three hours of darkness left to get her commandos landed. On the run in she touched bottom, pitching most of the dinghies and half the men into the turbulent swell. By the time that problem had been sorted out the moon had risen, several men had been drowned and only a few commandos had got ashore. *Talisman* withdrew, taking with her nearly half the raiding force. Colonel Laycock, however, was in one of the dinghies which made the beach. Next morning the sodden and exhausted men dried themselves as best they could, cleaned their weapons and, at dusk, moved off inland towards their objective while Laycock remained in the vicinity of the beach. Travelling over rough, difficult and broken country, they negotiated the first of the two escarpments which lay between the beach and Beda Littoria. They holed up next day in the scrub, trying to get some rest before the final stages of the operation and during this period Keyes came into contact with a band of Arabs whose chief, described by one of the party as 'a seedy brigand', promised to guide them to the Rommelhaus on payment of 1,000 lire.

The following night they climbed the second escarpment and got to within five miles of their objective before daylight forced them into cover. They found a cave which smelt strongly of goats, but it was dry and out of the wind. In the afternoon Keyes gave his men their final briefing. He himself with Captain Robin Campbell, Sergeant Terry, Bombardier Brodie, Lance Corporal Coulthread and the interpreter, Abshalom Drori were to attack the headquarters while the only other officer, Lieutenant Roy Cooke was to take six men and demolish a steel telegraph pylon near Cyrene which was a key factor in local enemy communications. The remaining men were detailed for look-out duties around the HQ and for demolition of the vehicles expected to be found in the neighbouring car park.

Even with a full raiding force it was pretty thin stuff, but with the much reduced command it sounded like suicide for all concerned since Keyes had allocated a mere six men to storm a fortress, six storeys high, crammed with senior staff officers who slept there, protected by the many support troops on the premises, apart from the guard detail who, alone, outnumbered the raiding party. From all that can be gathered about this, Keyes and his men still expected to 'get' Rommel despite the tiny force they could muster and they went ahead on that basis. Rommel, as it happened, was not there – he had flown to Rome to join his wife for a birthday celebration lasting three or four days. His birthday, in fact, was November 15 (1891 as a matter of interest) and at the time of the raid he was probably either sleeping with or sipping Chianti with Frau Rommel at his hotel in the Italian capital. All bad luck for Keyes and his party who had no knowledge of this unexpected development and still confidently assumed they would find the Desert Fox in his lair at Beda Littoria.

They moved off at 1800 hours, allowing six hours to reach the objective in view of the rough going, the darkness and the pouring rain. It was about midnight when they reached the outskirts of Beda Littoria and the commandos started threading their way cautiously through the Arab shanty town which formed a sort of little suburb to Beda Littoria proper. Keyes and Sergeant Terry went ahead to reconnoitre and while they were gone one of the men tripped over a tin can which started a dog barking; then someone in one of the mud hovels started screaming. The commotion brought two enemy officers out of the huts, an Italian and an Arab of the Italian/Libyan Arab Force who demanded to know who they were and what they were doing. With commendable coolness and appropriate arrogance, Campbell told them in German that they were German troops on patrol and to go away and keep their dog quiet. The bluff worked and the two enemy officers disappeared back into their hut, saying 'Gute Nacht'.

By this time Keyes had circled the Prefettura building, checked on the guard tent, which he found empty, cut the wire on the perimeter of the grounds and killed the only visible sentry. He returned to the main body and the entire raiding force started into action on their assigned tasks. The initial assault on the Prefettura has already been described and with the death of Keyes all the impetus of the attack seems to have fizzled out. Strangely, the Germans seem to have made no immediate attempt to counter-attack. Drori, who was standing outside the front door, saw a man approaching with a torch, dressed in pyjamas but carrying a rifle. He said afterwards: 'I just stood there and he very obligingly walked onto the end of my gun; all I had to do was pull the trigger.'

They carried Keyes' body outside and laid it beside the corpse of the German Drori had shot. Campbell then went back inside to position the charges for blowing up the building. There was enough explosive there to raze the place and kill every occupant, but the fuses, despite waterproof covering, had got damp in the landing from

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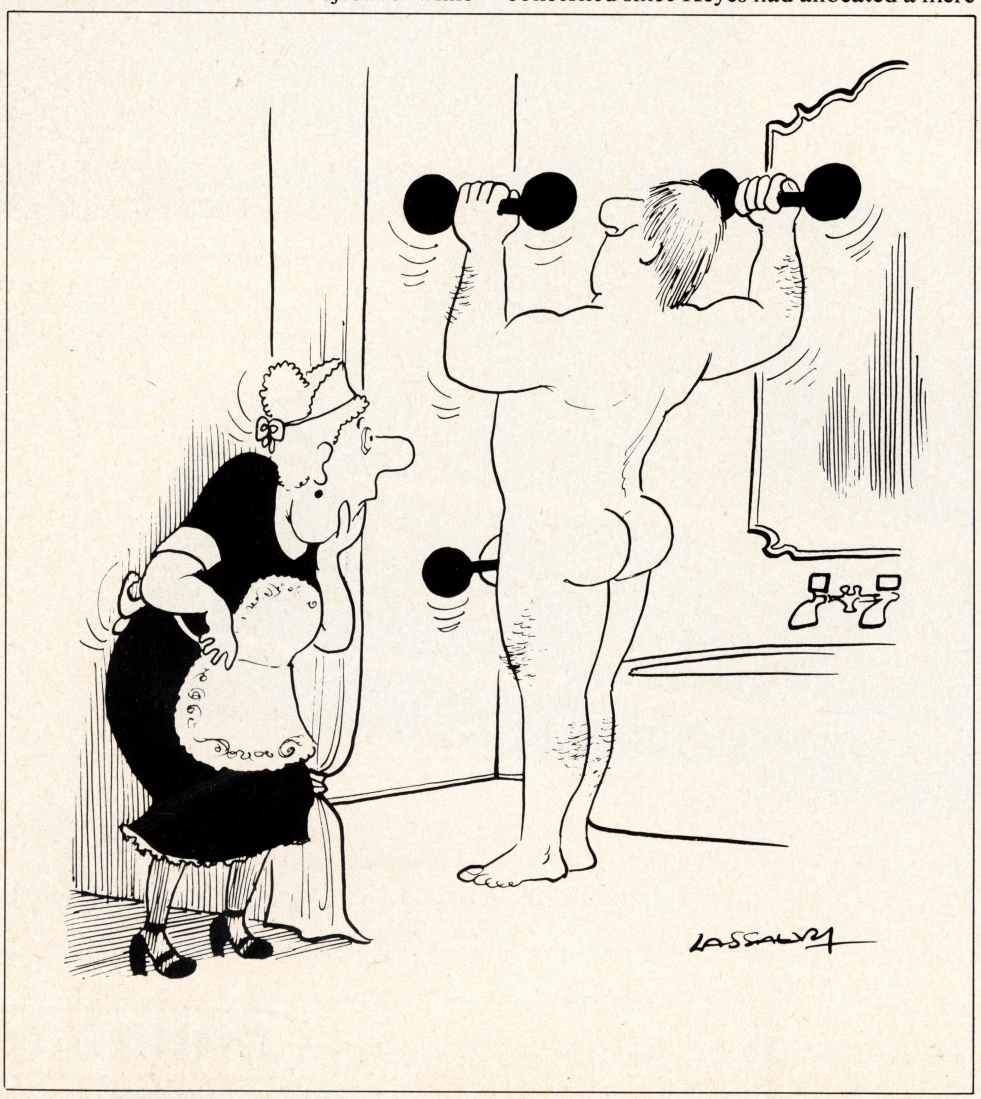

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / HILARY STEPHENS

The Raid to Kill Rommel

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the submarine or in the ensuing rain and failed to activate the charges. No doubt seething with frustration, Campbell dashed round to the back of the building where three men had been stationed as a covering party by Keyes with orders to fire on anyone approaching them. These instructions worked only too well when Campbell appeared round the corner of the building and was promptly cut down by a burst of fire from his own men. His leg was badly broken and later had to be amputated.

The party was now without effective officers and Campbell, incapable of being moved and prior to taking morphine, instructed Sergeant Terry to conduct the withdrawal back to the beach. Before they left they did what they could in the way of demolition but this amounted only to pushing some explosive charges down the breather pipe of the main generator and dropping a grenade after them. The charge went off before they had gone 20 yards. At least it put all the lights out in the Prefettura. They retreated northwards towards the beach to the sound of muffled explosions as a series of delayed action charges blew up a few vehicles in the neighbouring car park. These had been laid by one of the commandos, Sergeant Bruce, and apparently formed the only really successful accomplishment of the night's work. The German-speaking Captain Campbell was left behind, nursing his wounded leg, to be picked up later by enemy troops searching the grounds, when he suffered the nerve-shattering experience of listening to their conversation which revolved around the question of whether they should finish him off or take him to hospital for medical attention. Happily, for this brave but unlucky officer, they eventually chose the latter course.

Sergeant Terry successfully led the rest of the party back to the beach and joined up again with Colonel Laycock. There was no sign of Lieutenant Cooke and his party and they were (correctly) presumed to have been captured. They had, however, managed to blow up the communications pylon.

At dusk that evening *Torbay* appeared, fully surfaced, about a quarter of a mile out to sea and Laycock and her captain exchanged a number of signals, most of which seem to have been misunderstood. No boats came in from the submarine to pick them up and they could not find their own rubber dinghies and Mae Wests because friendly but over-zealous Arabs had hidden them. Later, the dinghies were found but the men were too exhausted to paddle out to the submarine. Eventually the decision was made to try again the following night and *Torbay* submerged and departed.

Next morning they were located by enemy Arab forces and Laycock ordered the men to split up and disperse, giving them three alternative methods of reaching safety. They could return to the beach that night in the hope of being picked up by *Torbay*, they could head for Slonta, a regular staging post for the Long Range Desert Group where they might have a chance of being evacuated, or finally, they could hole up in the *wadis* near Cyrene in the hope that the advancing Eighth Army would reach them.

In the end all of them were taken prisoner with the exception of Laycock and Terry who successfully avoided capture for 41 days and finally contacted the Eighth Army near Cyrene.

What did the raid achieve? In practical terms, very little. Four German soldiers had been killed, a communications pylon and a generating plant had been blown up and a few vehicles had been destroyed – and this for the loss of almost the entire raiding party. But there were side effects of some importance. There is evidence that some considerable confusion and nervousness were caused behind the enemy lines and the very audacity of the operation gave an appreciable boost to British morale at a time when it was badly needed. And if the raid was a failure it had at least added significantly to the legend of the British Commandos.

As for Geoffrey Keyes, a courageous and loyal officer, who completed as best he could an almost impossible assignment, there remained two final distinctions – the Victoria Cross, bestowed posthumously by King George VI, and a wooden one, also posthumous, at the insistence of Erwin Rommel who ensured that Keyes, along with the four German soldiers killed in the raid, were buried in the vicinity of Beda Littoria with full military honours.

WARMING UP WINTER

MAYFAIR'S NEW COLOUR CALENDAR

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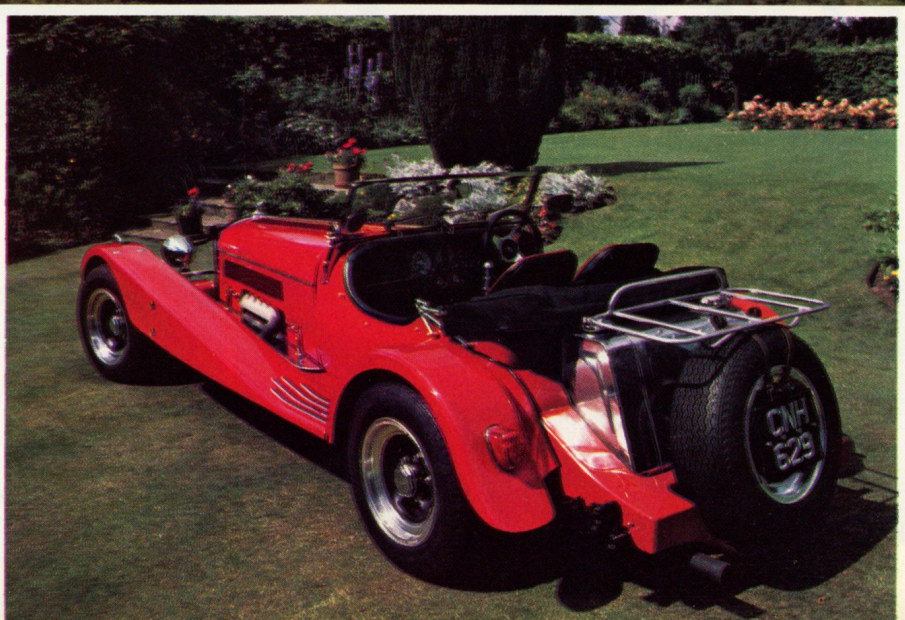
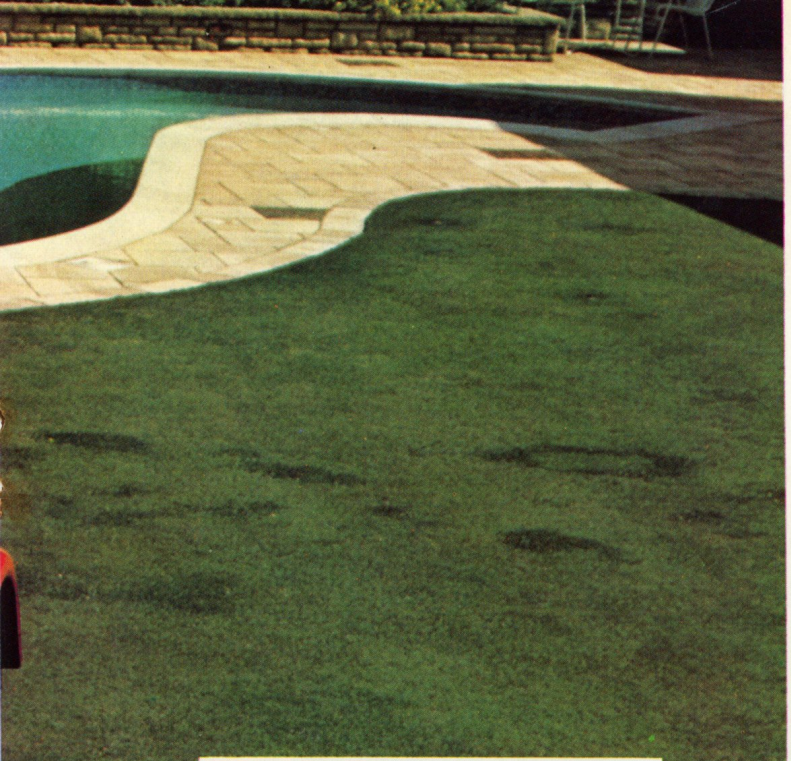
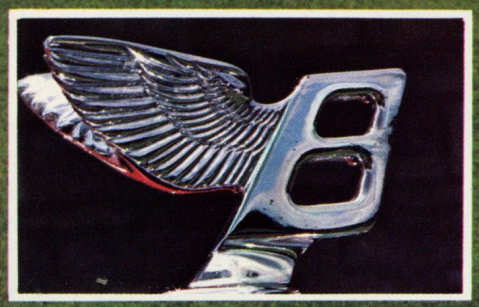
Main picture and immediate right: the Bentley 'Donington', a 1946–54 Bentley Mk VI chassis re-modelled to take bodywork designed by Johnard's Vintage Repairs of Blandford as a composite of the classic sporting cars of the 1930s. Opposite page, top: 'Donington' cockpit. Below: the 4½-litre Mk VI engine. Below: building Bentley-style bodywork onto an Mk VI chassis at Mallalieu Engineering, Abingdon.



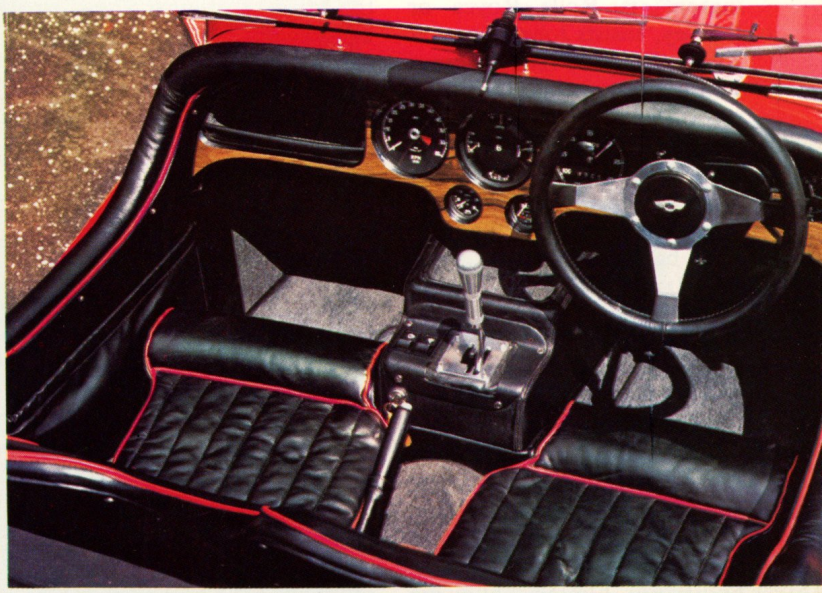


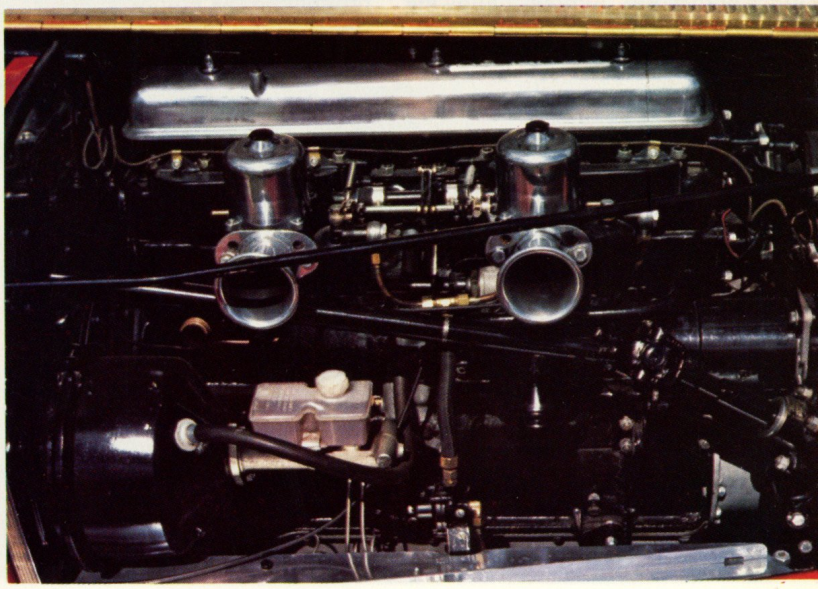


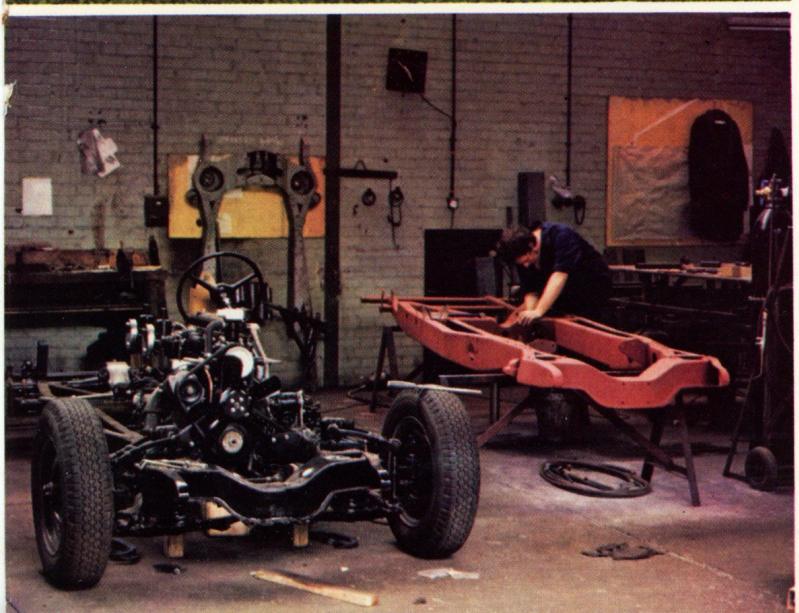
Unlabelled Bentleys

Red, blue and green 'labels' marked the classic, pre-war Bentleys. Now re-modelled versions aim to bring back their unique style

Photographed by Andrew Morland



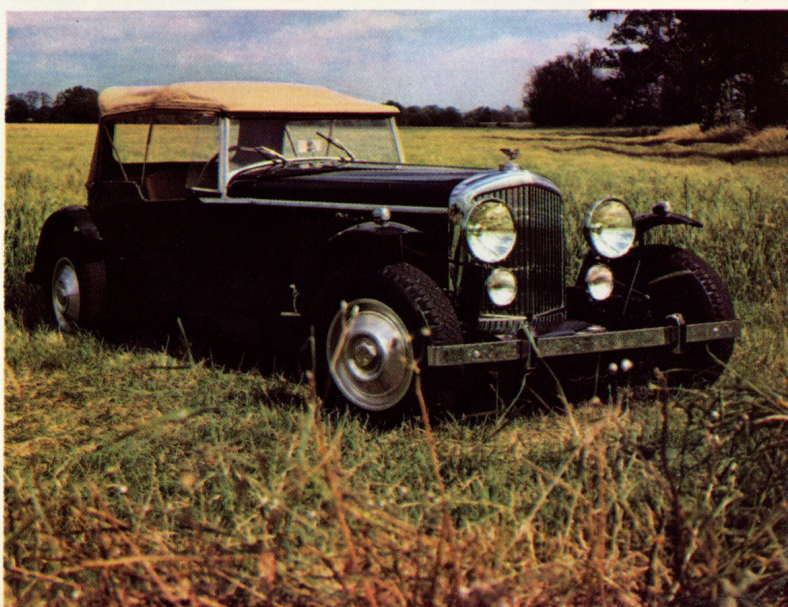




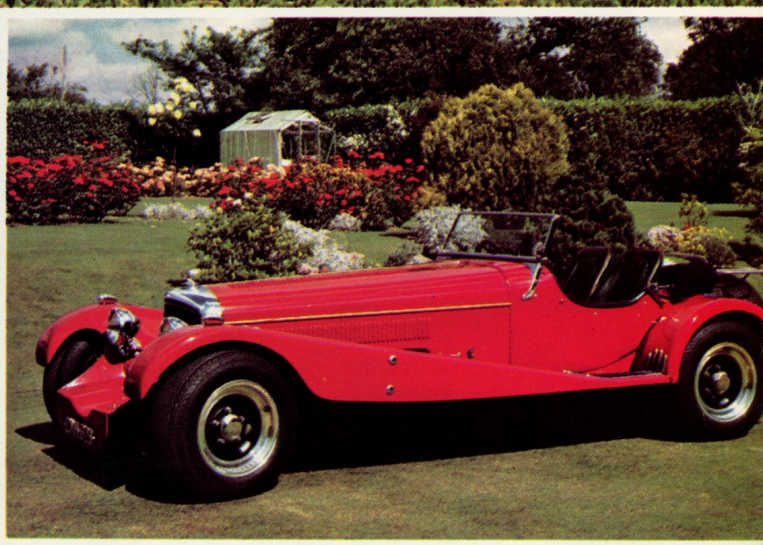
Ever since the Bentley marque first roared into the annals of motoring legend – with its first three-litre model Le Mans victories in 1924 and 1927, followed by the enormous popularity of its sporting $3\frac{1}{2}$ and $4\frac{1}{4}$-litre versions in the thirties – connoisseurs of speed, style and close-to-perfect engineering have vied with each other to own at least one of these motoring masterpieces. Demand, however, coupled with the inevitable depletions of accidents and time have resulted in short supply. All the more reason, then, for the growing popularity of re-modelled or 'unlabelled' Bentleys, cars that share the style and speed of the classic days of red, blue and green label models but with the addition of the most up-to-date standards of safety and engineering. The favourite base for the new 're-models' is the Mk VI saloon produced between 1946 and 1954. Though the bodywork may have deteriorated over the years, chassis and engine are invariably in good condition and examples, together with spares, are relatively easy to obtain. Customised models are

usually the order of the day, but two firms are already moving into the production 'Bentley' market. Mallalieu Engineering of Abingdon in Oxfordshire produced ten Derry Mallalieu Bentley 'Mercias' and 'Barchettas' last year, while Johnard's Vintage Repairs of Blandford in Dorset have now made eight Bentley 'Donington's', since they set up in business three years ago. 'Ninety per cent of the "Donington" is Rolls Royce or Bentley,' insists John Guppy of Johnard's. 'But really we are setting out to produce a cross-section of all the classic cars of the thirties. It's a fun car, but it's also an investment in first class engineering, and of course you are starting off with a very good base.'

Paul Izzard, technical director of Mallalieu Engineering describes how the original Mk VI chassis is re-built from the centre cross-section rearwards. 'That is usually the most corroded part and replacing it reduces the car's centre of gravity and generally stiffens it to take the new bodywork,' he says. He designed the 'Barchetta's' bodywork himself, allowing for two and four-seater versions, according to customers' whims. Bodywork for the 'Mercia' – only available as a two-seater – is designed and built by a Staffordshire-based commercial vehicle body builder. Both models come with 16-inch disc wheels, leather upholstery and full weather equipment, and a prospective buyer can expect a waiting time of about four months for the 'Barchetta' and five months for its stablemate. Reducing the Mk VI's original 37 cwt to 24 through the wide use of aluminium raises its speed from the 94 mph of the early fifties to 105, though a 'continental' rear axle will bring that up to a comfortable 125. But the cost of Bentley-type speed and style is not low. The 'Barchetta' starts from £9,950, the 'Mercia' from £15,000 and the 'Donington' from just below that, though John Guppy and his partner D S Beck will happy re-build a customer's own Mk VI for less. Both Mallalieu and Johnard's are unrepentant about purists' complaints of 'adulteration.' 'We always think we are in the time-honoured tradition of re-building the bodies of quality cars,' says John Guppy.



Main picture: re-modelled Bentley Mk VIs by Mallalieu Engineering. Left is the 'Barchetta' coming in two and four-seater versions. Right is the 'Mercia', available only as a two-seater. Each car is supplied with 16-inch disc wheels, leather upholstery and full weather equipment. Immediate right: the £9,950 'Barchetta', with (centre) the £15,000 'Mercia'. Far right and above: more views of the 'Donington' Bentley. Costing just under £15,000 each, eight have been produced by Johnard's.



SPINAKER

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A distressed gentleman visited his doctor. 'It's this constant headache,' he complained. 'It starts in my forehead and goes all the way round to the back of my head,' he explained as he traced a line across his scalp.
The doctor was clearly perplexed but prescribed a course of powerful pain-killers and tranquilizers. 'If there's no change in a week, come back and see me,' said the doctor.
A week later the man was back. The pain was even greater. The doctor placed him on a course of even more powerful drugs but again they had no effect.
Finally after many weeks of increasing dosages which failed to stop the man's headaches, and after much research, the doctor decided upon a course of action. 'I'm afraid there's only one thing left to try,' he said gravely.
By now the man was desperate. 'Anything, doctor,' he said.
'I don't know how to tell you but I'm afraid it's castration.'
The man paled, and begged time to think it over. But that night the headaches became so unbearable that he phoned the doctor with his approval for the operation. After the operation had been completed the young man found the doctor had been right. The pain was gone and he felt on top of the world. On discharge from hospital he sauntered down to the high street and whistling entered a menswear shop to celebrate with a new suit.
'Certainly sir,' said the assistant. 'For the trousers, sir, which side do you hang?' The man looked puzzled.
'For the correct fit, sir,' the assistant prompted.
'I've never given it much thought,' mused the man. 'Is it important?'
'Oh most definitely, sir,' replied the assistant, 'if you don't get it right, you get a pain that starts here in the forehead and goes all the way round to the back of the head . . .'

There was once a man who had a penis twelve inches long, but he didn't use it as a rule.

A renowned lecturer in marine biology once told his students: 'Barnacles grow on the piles of the piers. By that, gentlemen, I do not mean the haemorrhoids of the haristocracy.'

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

A young girl wearing the shortest of mini-skirts was sitting on a bus next to an elderly vicar. She was sucking a large multi-coloured lollipop and, attracted by the slurping noises, the vicar noticed that a strand of hair was sticking to it.
'Excuse me miss,' he said, 'do you know that you've a hair on your sweetie?'
'Yes, I know,' she replied, smiling proudly, 'and I'm only fourteen.'

Having to give a talk on the population explosion a man visited his public library to collect some statistics.
'Good lord,' he exclaimed to a stranger sitting nearby, 'that is truly amazing.'
'What is?' asked the stranger.
'This table of deaths,' he replied. 'Do you know that every time I breathe a man dies?'
'How interesting,' said the stranger. 'Why don't you try using a mouthwash?'

A man called at the first house on an estate and said, 'Good morning madam. I'm conducting a market research survey. Would you be so kind as to tell me which pads you use.'
'Oh,' said the woman, 'Dr White's.'
The man wrote this down and visited the next house along the street. Again he asked the lady who answered the door the same question. She replied that she used Tampax.
Then he called on the third housewife, and asked her which pads she used.
'Brillo pads,' was her reply.
'Oh,' he minced, 'we've got a bright cunt here.'

The young teacher decided to give her class of seven year olds an exercise in thinking.
'I've something behind my back,' she said, it's green and you can eat it.'
'Is it a cucumber, Miss?' asked Samantha.
'No. It's a lettuce, but it shows you're thinking. Now, children, I've something else behind my back. It's red and you can eat it.'
'An apple,' replied Peter.
'No. It was a tomato, but it shows you were thinking.'
Believing that she was at last succeeding, the teacher was delighted when the class troublemaker, who was by now bored to tears, jumped to his feet. 'Miss,' he said, placing his hand in his pocket, 'I've one for you. It's pale in colour, about one and a half inches long and has a red knob at the end.'
The teacher flushed bright red and told him he was a very naughty boy.
'But, Miss,' cried the boy, 'it's only a match – but it shows you were thinking.'

A woman had three children by her first husband. After his death she married again and had a further four children. When he too died she married a third time and produced two more children before she died herself.
At her graveside one mourner said to his neighbour: 'Well, they're together at last.''
'Do you mean the first or the second husband?' asked the other.
'Neither,' said the first. 'I meant her legs.'

The lusty young lads of Lismore
Have tools of eight inches or more,
But ladies, be calm,
There's no cause for alarm,
They haven't a clue what they're for.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

SAM

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
ROBERT BRENSHAM

Samantha Barrie has the sloe-eyes and come-hither pout of a Cannes starlet, the trim 35–22–35 inch figure and languid grace of a girl used to messing about in very luxurious boats. But it's all 'an accident of appearance,' she says in soft tones that bear the faintest trace of her Devon up-bringing. 'The closest I ever got to jet-setting luxury was when I lived in London for about six months. I spent two months sitting on my own in a minute bed-sitter thinking the world had forgot-ten all about me and feeling lonelier than I'd ever felt before. Then I met a boyfriend who was some kind of financial consultant, who was thirtyish and very good-looking with a flat in Kensington and a TR4 and he was buying a villa in France . . . really it was any luxury you could think of! And I had a lovely time – I do enjoy

dressing up and going to posh places, occasionally. But it could never be the be-all and end-all for me, and when I told my boy-friend, "Thanks very much, but I've really got to get back home now," he thought I was mad.' What could her native county offer in place of such flesh-pots? A broad grin. 'Just about everything! But basically the sea. I was born near Sidmouth on the coast and though I live in Exeter now that's only because there's very little secretarial work needed by fishermen. And that's what I'd have wanted to be, if I'd been born a man. I'd have loved my own smack, for the summer. In the winter I'd have preferred to sail down to the Mediterranean and potter about in the sun – but I don't think I'd have been too upset if I'd had to stay and brave the storms.' An awful lot of might-have-beens for such a lively 22-year-old? I see myself

QUEST

The laboratory of human response
Volume Nine

The subject of clandestine or 'surreptitious' sex has always been a source of great mystery and intrigue. Naturally so, with such a complex subject with fine dividing lines between sneakiness, exhibitionism, public sex and outright extra-marital affairs. Basically it is what is termed the 'risk factor' which plays the major role in surreptitious relationships. While some derive extra pleasure in knowing they are having secret sex in a public place, others have their pleasure heightened by the risk of discovery. It is in this little understood area of the human sexual response that our interviewers continue their investigations this month. Their findings make fascinating reading.

INTRODUCTION

This month we continue our investigation into the intriguing fringe area of 'surreptitious' sex. It is here that many find their sex lives enhanced by indulging in a sexual union with a partner other than spouse, girlfriend/boyfriend, but under circumstances which make discovery quite possible, if not probable. In one of the interviews this month a dental assistant recalls an incident which, stopping short of full intercourse, happened on the back seat of a coach at a rugby club outing. Another interviewee was aroused to sexual fulfilment amongst the plush red velvet in a box at the Royal Albert Hall during a classical concert, while in a third interview a chance meeting between former sex partners at a party stirs dormant passions.

INTERVIEWS

(*In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.*)

One **Dental Assistant, 22 years old, blonde, town of origin Bromley**

This interviewee, an attractive and vivacious girl, had worked as a secretary before training for her present job. She now worked for a central London practice, sharing a flat with two other girls.

Quest: You don't really like obvious ploys from men, do you?

Assistant: I hate them. You know they're just going through a routine; if it wasn't you it could be a dozen others. I don't see why people can't be themselves – you're going to find out what they're like eventually anyway.

Quest: Yet your fiancé Tony seems to have used an extremely elaborate ploy to gain your attention. You didn't object to that, did you?

Assistant: Oh, it wasn't quite a ploy. He was being honest to himself.

Quest: But within a very short time of meeting him you were fondling him very intimately in public. He must have done something quite exceptional to make you do that, surely?

Assistant: He *is* exceptional! At least I think so, which is all that matters. Some men can do that to me. Very, very few. I'm quite inhibited normally. In fact I think I'm very inhibited. I know I can be outgoing and loud and seem blasé, but I don't back it up.

Quest: Would you say you were sexually experienced?

Assistant: I'd had sex before I met Tony, when I was quite young actually, but it hadn't been very good.

Quest: What happened?

Assistant: Nothing very special. I went out with the same boy for years, from about the age of fifteen. And he was always on at me to do it with him. In the end I think it was because everyone else I knew seemed to be having sex, or saying they were. He came over one weekend when my parents were

away and stayed the night. All I remember is snogging on the sofa then going upstairs and not letting him put the light on because I was so shy. I don't know what I expected really. I even put my nightie on! Then we hugged and kissed a bit, in my little single bed, and then he climbed on top of me and put it in. It really was as crude as that. I think I expected to be swamped by emotion, like all the books say, and when I wasn't I just didn't know what I was supposed to do. At least it didn't hurt. A bit later he wanted to do it again, and I remember trying to help him by holding his erection, but I must have overdone it because he came in my hand. It's funny. I suppose that's what conditioned my sex life for the next couple of years.

Quest: In what way?

Assistant: Giving hand jobs. It was so much easier than actually climbing into bed when a man obviously wanted that. I went through a terrible, stupid stage thinking I ought to go to bed with anyone who bought me a nice dinner and asked me. Intercourse seemed so easy and so pointless I used to have nightmares about lying down and opening my legs for strangers in the street or on the Tube.

Quest: But you must have wanted sex?

Assistant: Oh all the time! But I had to be involved and somehow I never was, not completely. I'd rather just touch myself. I know a lot of women feel like that. Anyway I did get quite good at knowing where to touch a man to make him feel nice, which Tony appreciates.

Quest: Tony changed everything?

Assistant: I always say I was an emotional virgin before I met him. That's not being just stupid and sentimental. We just clicked the first time we saw each other.

Quest: Where was that?

Assistant: I was invited to a rugby club outing with a couple of girlfriends. There was a coach trip out to this country club where they had a barbecue and disco organised. And I saw Tony on the other side of the room; this was at the beginning before everyone had really started chatting. And immediately I thought he was interesting, and I was sure he'd spotted me too. And we sort of circulated towards each other through most of the evening. Then the disco started and I danced with two or three fellows I knew and came back to my friends and Tony was standing there chatting to a friend. And two or three more men asked me to dance, and then Tony did and I accepted straightaway. Afterwards he told me he had been edging my way all evening.

Quest: You got on well?

Assistant: Oh, fantastically; neither of us could stop talking. And then some slow music came and we were holding each other, and he suddenly moved away so I asked what was the matter, and he said, 'I'm sorry, I'm terribly sensitive.' I didn't know what he meant, but he gave me this funny look and I suddenly realised he was glancing down at his trousers.

Quest: He complained that you were giving him an erection?

Assistant: Not in so many words, but that's what he meant. I burst out laughing. It just seemed so outrageous and silly.

Quest: You didn't object?

Assistant: I *was* shocked but not in an unpleasant way. No one had ever been that direct with me before. Obviously men had got excited but never so quickly. It was quite flattering. I'd never really been aware before that I could do that to someone I liked just by being there.

Quest: What happened then?

Assistant: He pretended to pull away from me; everyone started to look at us, and I couldn't stop laughing, and pulled him against me – because it was near the end of the evening and the music was still slow and smoochy. And I could feel him, against my thigh.

Quest: He didn't pull away again?

Assistant: He began to hold my bottom and I felt really nice, sort of squashed between him, and I was holding his bottom too, of course – he had lovely round hard cheeks, I love tight bums – and suddenly we were grinding into each other. Thank heavens the lights were down; I'm sure we'd have been thrown out. I could feel myself getting damper and damper and all those straining sort of sex feelings building up inside me. I could have ripped his trousers off and had him on the floor.

Quest: But you didn't.

Assistant: We all filed back to the coach because the place was closing, and Tony and I got a seat together near the back, but a lot of the men were being noisy and singing and a group sat around us, which completely ruined the atmosphere for us. Tony just took my hand, and pecked me on the cheek. I knew he was as frustrated as I was. Off we went and after about half an hour the singing had fallen off and the lights were dimmed and most people were dozing off – it was a fairly long journey. I was dozy too by then, leaning against Tony's shoulder and his hand, still holding mine, was lying in my lap. We just started touching.

Quest: In what way?

Assistant: I think I just shifted in my seat, to be more comfortable, and Tony's hand slipped between my legs – I had a very light summer dress on. I suppose I started it really. He murmured, half asleep, and I felt his lips just brush my hair and then his hand moved, very gently and casually, but it was touching right against my pubes – I only had thin panties under my dress. Then he moved again and his hand slipped further down and I eased my legs a bit further open and very very gently – almost as if I imagined it – he began to run one finger up and down my lips, pressing right through my panties and my dress. It was so gentle, so exquisite I thought I was going to cry out – I think I bit into his jacket collar to stop from biting him. Then I just had to touch him, and twisted round towards him and put my hand in his lap and felt him there; he was so stiff and hot, it was incredible. I could feel the whole fat end of him through his slacks. I wanted him so much, but there was nothing we could do. Anyone might have seen.

Quest: What did you do?

Assistant: I made him stop by pulling his hand away – I think for a moment he thought I was objecting, but I couldn't say anything. I just lifted my bottom off the seat very carefully and reached under my skirt and very quietly eased off my pants, and then settled back the way I was, and glanced at him and his face was glowing in the darkness. And then his hand came back and very slowly crept under my skirt. I started to snort and gasp even before he touched me – I had to stop myself by putting my hand in my mouth. Then his fingers brushed against my lips and I knew how hot and wet I was, and I couldn't help grasping his hand and pulling it against me. He must have been almost in me because my head just exploded. I really think I passed out for a minute, because the next thing I knew he was making 'Sssh!' sounds in my ear, and I wanted to hug him and grabbed his hand and he seemed incredibly sticky. But then I felt awful that he hadn't felt anything, and I leaned over and kissed his cheek and his neck and pulled my hand over the ridge in his trousers and found his zip and started to pull it back. He stiffened then and I thought he wouldn't let me but I just kissed him again and very gently got the zip all the way down. And he shot up, and felt so beautiful. All that hot power in my hand! He was panting, and patting at my hair, and his hand, which was still in my lap, moved under my skirt and I shifted so that he could push his fingers into me, and I was running my middle finger up and down his shaft and gently rubbing that sensitive spot just under the knob of his penis. And I could feel my orgasm coming, and Tony was squirming in his seat – I'm sure the whole coach must have realised what was going on, but we just didn't care by then. And just before he came I found my knickers which were scrunched up beside me and pushed them over Tony's penis – it was madly frantic. We just had time to kiss, really deeply, and I felt Tony jerk and he began to come, and his finger jumped inside my vagina and that brought me off too. It sounds so rushed and crude describing it like that, but it wasn't to feel it – it was one of the most marvellous things that's ever happened to me. Though getting out of the coach later with my knickers in my handbag gave me a few embarrassing moments.

Quest: But you went on to have intercourse properly with Tony?

Assistant: That's why we're engaged, apart from the fact that I love him, of course.

Quest: Thank you.

Two **Accountant, 33 years old, town of origin, Haslemere**

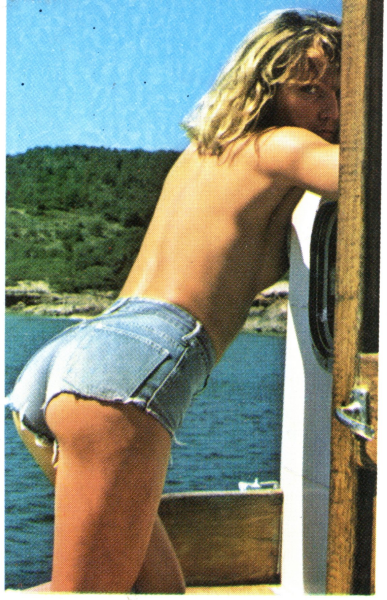
This – male – interviewee, an accountant with a local authority was married for the second time, his first marriage having ended in divorce after only eight months.

Quest: You seem to have led a full life sexually up to your first marriage.

Accountant: Yes, I suppose I had my share – or more than my share. The trouble was that none of the relationships lasted.

Quest: Especially your first marriage.

Accountant: Goodness knows why I married her. I've asked myself that time and



as being very feminine and I enjoy being a woman. I don't see why a girl should be any less useful at sea than a man. Look at Clare Francis. You just have to realise that some tasks are physically more difficult. And the nice thing, of course, is that a girl can usually get herself invited out on a boat she'd like to try a lot more easily than a man can.' A ploy that resulted in her engagement in recent years to the youthful owner of a 30-feet sailing yacht, a relationship that foundered with the craft a year ago near the Chesil Bank. 'We're still great friends,' she insists, 'and in fact we're both in a syndicate to restore an old 50-footer, take it to the Aegean and hire ourselves out to summer tourists. We're going to call it the *Argo*. Watch for our brochure!'

time again. I was twenty, she was nineteen and a virgin. She was lousy in bed – and I mean lousy. At least compared to what some of my previous and later fucks were like. But that wasn't the reason. We were, basically, unsuited – simple as that: we argued all the time, even before we were married. If we'd have had any sense we'd have called it off. She did, in fact, but it was late in the day and in the end we decided to go through with it – believing that when we were actually married, all the pressures would be off and things would be rosy.

Quest: And they weren't?

Accountant: You said it. Eventually she just walked out.

Quest: When was the first time you were unfaithful?

Accountant: I suppose, in law, that it was during the time I was waiting for the divorce to come through – she divorced me, it was cheaper that way. I had a couple of years screwing around again, and then I met Aud.

Quest: Audrey? Your wife?

Accountant: Yes. We started going out and this time – sounds so corny doesn't it – I was really in love.

Quest: But you cheated on her?

Accountant: After we'd been married about two years, though she never found out.

Quest: Tell me about it.

Accountant: I'll never forget it as long as I live. If it hadn't happened to me I'd never have believed it.

Quest: Go on.

Accountant: Aud and I went to a party – it was a farewell party in fact – for some friends who were emigrating to New Zealand. At about nine o'clock – we'd arrived at about seven to help with the preparations – after a couple of hours solid boozing I was staggered because who should I run into at the party but Anne.

Quest: Who was Anne?

Accountant: She was a girl I'd met, between marriages so to speak, she was very sexy and was the sort of girl who went in for casual affairs. She was with some bloke who happened to work with John – the friend who was emigrating. And at the time Aud was in the front room talking to some other friends. I was knocked out when I met her and we went to the kitchen to fill up and had a good natter. I kept running into her during the next few hours and at about one in the morning, when I was feeling a bit under the weather – though not unable – I found that Anne and I were once again in close proximity. She said the chap she was with was a drip – we'd been through the whole 'what are you doing these days?' bit earlier, so were on good terms again. And so we went into one of the lounge areas and sat on a sofa – close.

Quest: Where was your wife?

Accountant: The party was going on in the entire house. They'd rented a flat after selling their house before leaving for the new world and the other flats had all agreed on the party. And as the flats were all small, well at least small for such a big party – and besides it was an excuse for the other tenants too – it was decided to use the entire house. So the bar was in the kitchen on the ground floor and there was dancing in the front room downstairs and the back room – which was the lounge – of the second floor flat. Anyway, the missus was on the floor above. We kept on seeing each other during the night and had a few dances, but Marge, John's wife, and my missus were thick as thieves.

Quest: What happened with Anne?

Accountant: We were sitting talking, randy, and I was saying that the wife was going away for a week and that she and I could get together again. She was quite giggly and was leaning over me, you know how they get – and suddenly I felt her hand on me.

Quest: Your penis?

Accountant: Yes. And she started massaging me – rubbing her hands over it and then giggling as it twitched.

Quest: She got you excited that easily?

Accountant: I've always aroused easily – and I must say that I found the prospect of sex with her stimulating.

Quest: And then what happened?

Accountant: I was looking round to make sure my wife wasn't coming and she was all over me – her hands round my neck and she was kissing me – very passionately, almost biting me. And I knew that I wanted to have her then and there.

Quest: In the room?

Accountant: Not in that very spot – so I whispered in her ear that I wanted to fuck her stupid and she said 'what's stopping you.'

Quest: So where did you go?

Accountant: I told her to follow me out and we went upstairs, trying to find a bedroom, but when I opened the door of what was obviously a bedroom, it was already in use – could have been my old woman for all I cared at that stage. So, there was only one place – it was too cold outside – and as I went past the bathroom door I pushed it and it opened so I grabbed Anne and pulled her in and quickly locked the door and turned on the light.

Quest: A rather uncomfortable place I would imagine.

Accountant: Not in the bath or on the loo – that's terribly down-market, right? But the floor was covered with a shagpile carpet and so I got us down on that. Anne was protesting and I was trying to keep her quiet. Eventually I convinced her it would be all right if we did it doggy style. I'm afraid there was no finesse. No sooner had we got down than she was tugging at my belt and frantically trying to get me out. Eventually I unzipped my jeans and pulled them down – and my pants – to my ankles. She was pawing at me – I must have looked a sight, kneeling on the ground, fully dressed on top, pants around my ankles and with a great hard-on sticking up. She was saying that I was beautiful, that she hadn't seen such a beautiful cock for so long and that I shouldn't worry – that she wanted it inside as fast as possible, to feel me filling her. Anne was like that – when we went together she could turn me on, just by talking about it. She put her head down and slipped me in her mouth and ran her tongue all over it and then sucked on my balls. I should have shot then and there but somehow I didn't and pulled her over. Silly thing is that I can hardly remember touching her up to that stage. She had on a long apricot dress. Low-cut at the top and so I asked her to just step out of it. She stood up and I undid the zip and she pulled it over her head and I felt myself stiffen as her beautiful tits came into view, flattened as she stretched her arms. Next, she was on the floor, telling me to hurry, so I eased her knickers down and got her to crouch and put my cock to her – just brushing her bum crack and she gave a little shiver and wriggled back onto it which made it go under and nudge at her slit. 'Put it in, put it in, hurry' she said and with a little jerk I was inside – she held me and guided it in. I was amazed – no preparation and it went in so smoothly and she was wriggling right back at me and I started pumping – slowly, slowly building up and then I felt her giving little tugs on my dick with her vagina and I nearly went bananas. She started moaning and pushing hard into me, to get more in and then I shifted my hands and held her beautiful tits – so large and full as they were hanging down and her nipples were hard and I just brushed them and she started moaning louder – wanting me to squeeze her breasts tight and play with her nipples. So I did, and then I heard . . .

Quest: Someone at the door?

Accountant: It was a woman, saying 'is anyone in there?' She knew there was because it was locked. And then I recognised the voice. It was Marge. I must have panicked and slipped out. But Anne just guided me back in and told me to fuck harder, but she quietened down vocally and said no one would hear and to finish her off. I sensed that she was close to orgasm and I was so close I had to hold back. So I thrust into her deeper and harder and she began moaning louder again and I was squeezing and kneading her breasts so much I thought I'd burst them. Then the voice outside said, 'There are people waiting to use the loo', or something and without intention I said 'Hang on, I'm coming', and I felt Anne stiffen and gasp under me and breathe a deep sigh and I knew she had come so I pumped four or five times more and squeezed her very tight and came my lot.

Quest: And what of Marge?

Accountant: She never suspected. She just said 'Is that you, Clive, in there?' And I muttered that I wasn't feeling well and that she should go to the loo on the floor below. I said that I'd been sick and was cleaning it up. I thought it was plausible.

Quest: How did you get out?

Accountant: I waited a few minutes till it was quiet outside then slowly slid the catch back and got down on the floor and looked under the door. I couldn't see any shoes outside so I opened the door a fraction. There was no one outside just then so I got Anne to go on out – she'd dressed by this time and straightened her hair and things. And I followed her out a few seconds later. She just went into the room down the corridor when Marge came up the stairs and said that I was in the loo

long enough to take root. I thought that funny.
Quest: And that was your only encounter with surreptitious sex.
Accountant: If you don't count just cheating – yes.
Quest: And no one suspected anything that night?
Accountant: No. Aud said she hadn't seen me around for half an hour – but I merely said I'd been sick.
Quest: Thank you very much.

Three **Boutique owner, 26 years old, auburn-haired, single, town of origin Welwyn Garden City**
This interviewee, an outstandingly attractive and intelligent girl, runs a boutique which she bought with a small legacy and lives alone in a small flat over this boutique.
Quest: Does the fact that you're a successful career girl ever inhibit your relationship with men?
Boutique owner: Sometimes. But most of my boyfriends are successful in their chosen fields, so there's no real cause for jealousy.
Quest: I read somewhere that the more intelligent a girl is, the more sexually adventurous she's likely to be. Would you agree with this?
Boutique owner: I wouldn't really know about that, but if you're asking if I'm sexually adventurous, the answer is that I'll try anything once.
Quest: Anything?
Boutique owner: Well, of course, you have to draw the line somewhere. I wouldn't be that interested in sado-masochism for instance.
Quest: So what was the most arousing sexual situation you've ever encountered?
Boutique owner: Don't know. Probably being laid in a box at the Royal Albert Hall during a concert. Pretty funky.
Quest: How did this happen?
Boutique owner: I've got this boyfriend called Donald who's really into classical music. It doesn't do that much for me, but he likes it, so I tag along with him sometimes when he goes to a concert. He and a friend of his had managed to get hold of this box at the Albert Hall for some concert or other, but at the last moment the friend had to drop out, and as we didn't have time to round anyone else up, we went alone. It was probably just as well we did actually, not from the sex viewpoint, but it was one of those upper boxes and it wasn't that big. You could have got four people in, but there wouldn't have been much extra room.
Quest: Were all the other boxes taken?
Boutique owner: They seemed to be. Apparently it was quite a good concert. I'm not too sure what it was as that sort of music goes in one ear and out the other and anyway, it was a couple of years ago. It wasn't the Proms, I remember that. Mozart? Beethoven? Someone along those lines. All I know are the *1812* and the *Fifth*, but it wasn't either of them.
Quest: So there you were listening to music and having your mind broadened.
Boutique owner: More bored than broadened actually, but Donald seemed to be enjoying it. I *was* feeling rather fruity.
Quest: Why was that?
Boutique owner: I had on this dress from my shop which you weren't meant to wear a bra under. The fabric was brushing against my nips and making them stand up.
Quest: So what did you do?
Boutique owner: I leaned over and whispered in Donald's ear 'Guess what, my nipples are standing up.' And he replied 'Tell them to sit down, they're blocking the view.' This got me a bit miffed so I thought I'd try and distract him from the concert. I began running my hands over his thighs and his groin. That always works with Donald in fact and this time wasn't any exception. I could feel he was up, and I wanted to get him out, but he gestured to where people could see us in the adjoining box. They're just curtained-off you see and also people on the opposite side can see you. We both wanted sex badly, but neither of us wanted to wait for it as it's always much more exciting and fulfilling if you can do it as soon as you really want to do it.
Quest: So how did you solve the problem?
Boutique owner: To begin with, we casually moved to the back of the box. Nobody to either side of us noticed as they were too engrossed in the concert. Once we were at the back of the box, we were hidden from those on either side of us by the curtain partition which goes about two-thirds of the way down. Donald had the concert programme open on his lap, so I sneakily undid his trousers and got out his cock. He in the meantime had worked his hand round me and was rucking up my dress at the back. From a front view though, it would have been hanging perfectly normally. Then he slid his hand under my bottom, got a couple of fingers inside my briefs and began to play with me.
Quest: Did you attempt full intercourse?
Boutique owner: We succeeded.
Quest: How so?
Boutique owner: I sat on Donald's lap facing away from him. He just hoiked my briefs to one side and slid himself into me. It was a lovely tight fit. Donald's not especially long, but he's reasonably thick. His cock I mean. He had a hand under my dress playing with me. We couldn't very well bounce up and down, so we sort of swayed from side to side in time with the music. It was totally gorgeous like that. It took us a while to reach a climax as it was all a bit slow and dreamy, but it was lovely when he came – it pushed me over the brink too. The worst thing was having to keep quiet in case anyone noticed what we were doing. I just let out this little moan at the end though which I really couldn't help. After it had finished, we just stayed where we were until Donald's cock had gone soft again and slipped out of me so I could just move off his lap and sit down again.
Quest: And nobody noticed?
Boutique owner: I don't think so. I mean you don't go to a concert at the Royal Albert Hall and expect to see a couple making love, do you? It all went unnoticed.
Quest: Have you ever repeated this?
Boutique owner: No, but I wouldn't mind.
Quest: Thanks.

QUEST

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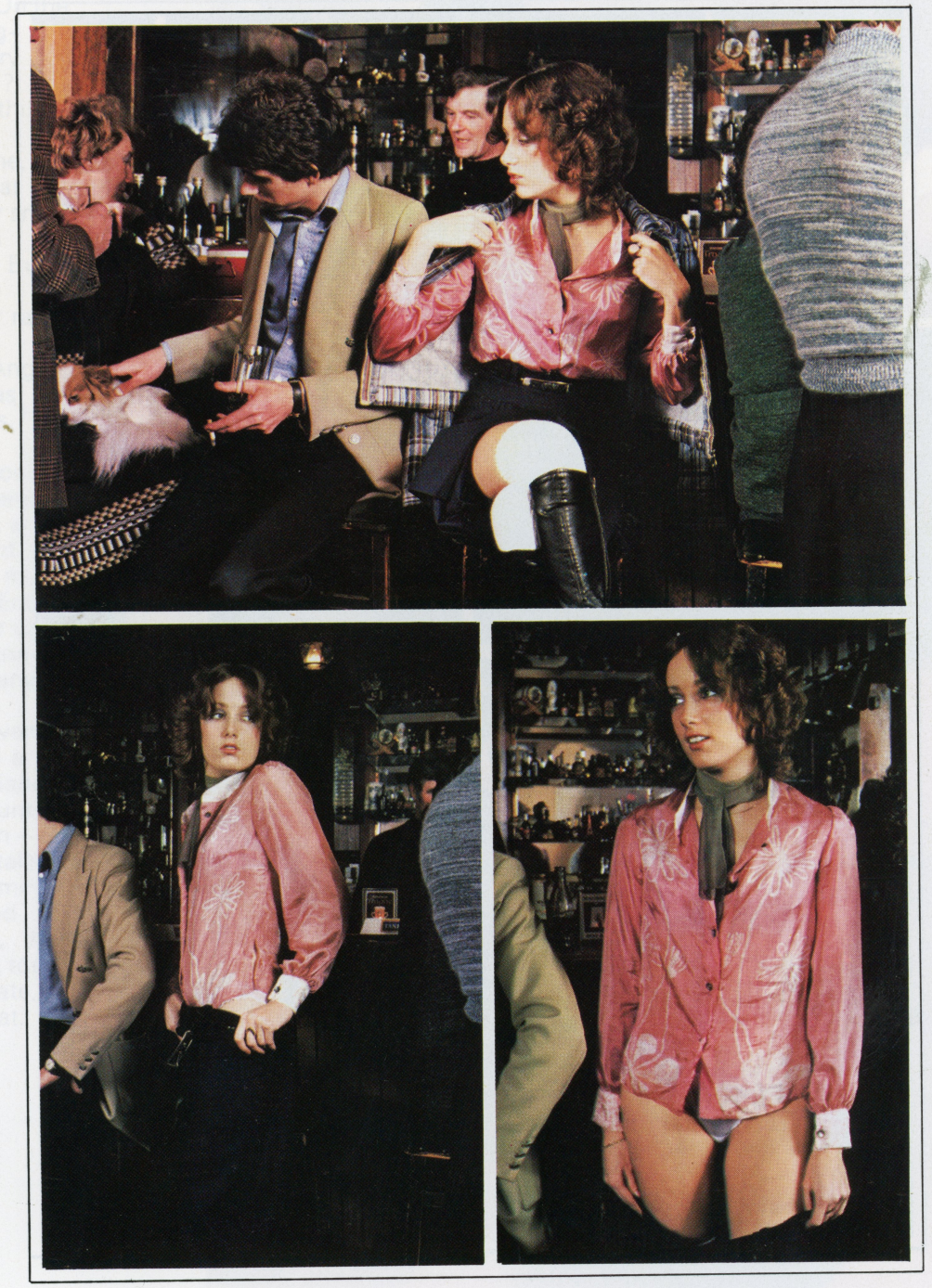

Lilly at the Local

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROGER PEARSON

Storms are the weather Paulas love best,
Rain on the window,
Hearts leap with zest.
Time to reach for their favourite macs,
Dark-coloured plastic,
Cool on their backs.
Why the soft smile, what have they to hide?
Paulas in plastic
feel damp *inside*.

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb
No. 11

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

'I see Leeds lost again.' 'Yes, Sheffield could only draw.' 'Bradford aren't having a bad season though.' Pub talk at a Yorkshire local on an autumn Saturday evening. More male talk really. Throats dry from an afternoon at Elland Road or Hillsboro' are wetted with pints of best bitter while the conversation ebbs and flows. If you're a man, the prospect of an evening discussing the merits of 4–2–4, 4–3–3, sweepers and strikers is idyllic. If you're a 24-year-old girl who thinks that football's daft and are a bit browned off because your boyfriend's seemingly disappeared to talk to his pals, you'll be less than enchanted. Especially if your glass is empty and try as you might, you can't catch anyone's eye for a refill. Some girls might throw a tantrum. Others might sulk. A few

Somehow, when you're only sixteen years old, the whole world seems to conspire to preserve your unwanted virginity

Dreamy-eyed and randy

Nostalgia by Mike Rainford

If sexual progress is a broad highway, my teenage life seemed to be made up of No Entry signs, road blocks, traffic jams, last minute diversions and traffic wardens popping up at every inopportune moment. There I was, sixteen years old and still a virgin. Someone-Up-There obviously didn't like me. One special Someone who took pleasure in messing up what could only very loosely be referred to as my love life. I did have quite a few things to contend with, of course. There must be more romantic places than Wigan on a Saturday night, for one thing. And even Wigan's exotic splendours were hopelessly beyond the means of a sixteen-year-old schoolboy with two shillings a week pocket money, not to mention rampant acne. And in 1965 two shillings seemed to go about as far as it does today. No, our Ritz was the Bodega Coffee Bar where you could stay all night on one Capucino and wile away the time by spelling out your loved one's initials in sugar lumps. If you were lucky enough to have a loved one, that is.

If life up to then had been sixteen years of desert, it did have the occasional oasis. Or mirage. . .

There was that party a couple of years before at Frankie's house. His parents were away for the weekend so we decided to have an all-night rave-up. Until the last bus went at eleven o'clock, that is. You've got to be practical at fourteen, especially if your parents do a passable impersonation of two prison warders.

There's something nice about parties when you're that age – no fooling around, no sophisticated chat, just open the beer, put the music on, pass round the cigs, switch off the lights, and GROPE! And if at first you don't succeed then grope, grope again. But even my gropes had been few and very far between.

Of course it's nicer if groper and gropee have had a chance, in those precious few seconds before lights out, to give each other the eye. And that night at Frankie's party I was given the eye by Sue. Sue! Can you imagine what that means, what pictures those three little letters conjure up? Sue was a sexpot. A raver. She was one

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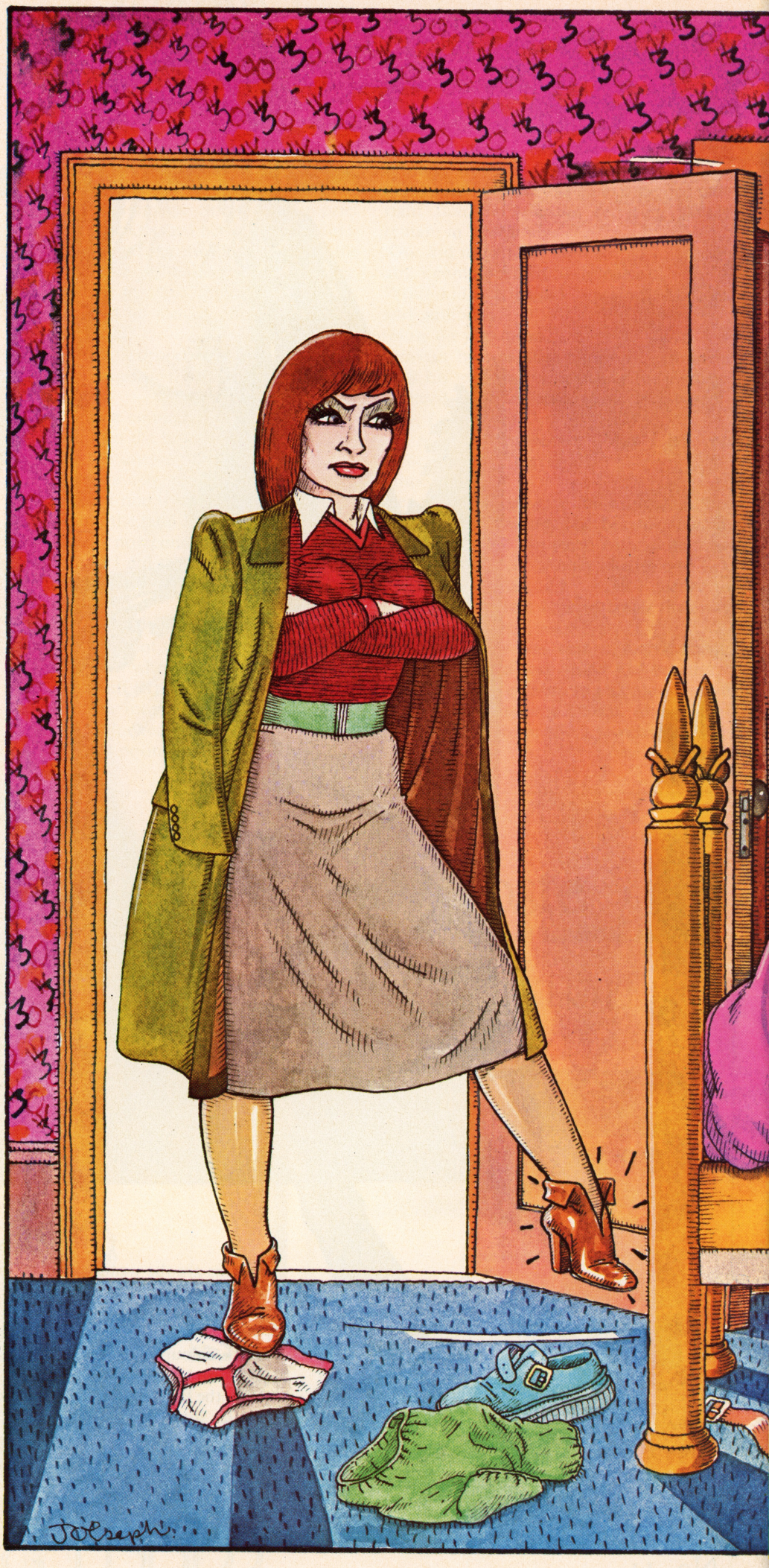
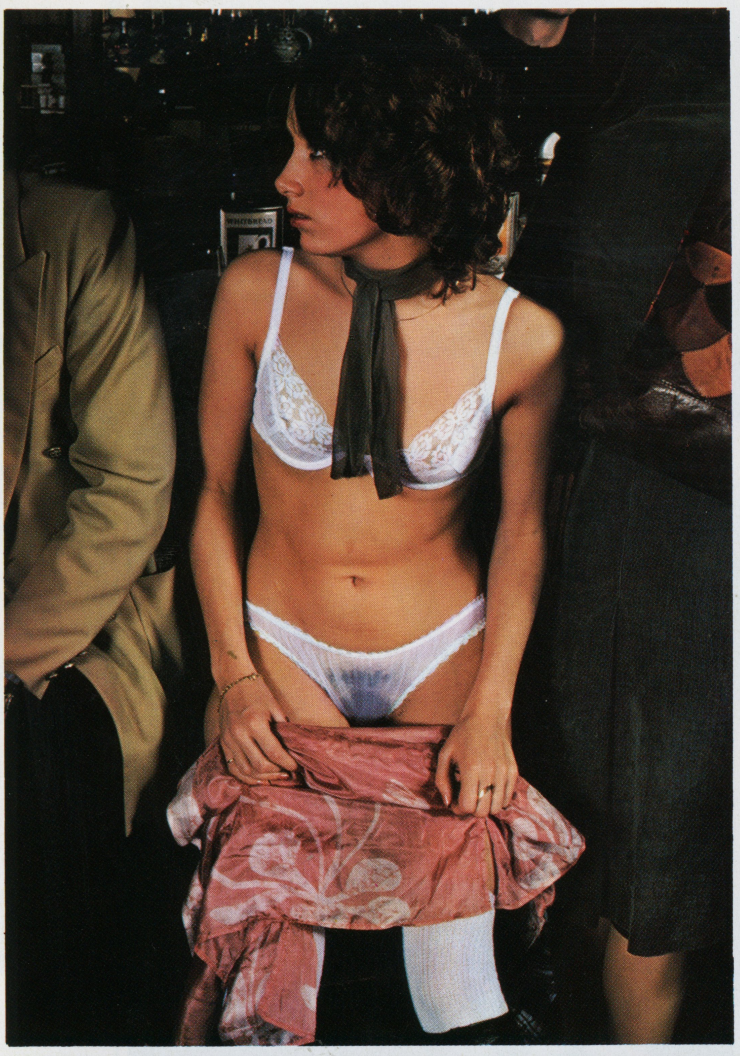


ILLUSTRATION BY JOE WRIGHT



might walk off in a huff. Lilly however, always one for the dramatic gesture, decides that if an impromptu strip doesn't turn the conversation away from football and onto what she'd like to drink, then nothing will. Off comes the shirt, while fingers fumble with the skirt clasp. Lilly stands there in bra, pants, socks and boots. 'This,' she thinks, 'is getting a bit much. I bet they're not noticing me on purpose just to see how far I'll go.' She grins to herself. 'The answer is all the way.' And she reaches behind her back to unclip her bra. Does the conversation lull for a moment, or is it a trick of her imagination? 'Right,' thinks Lilly. 'My knickers don't cover me much anyway, so . . .' There she stands. Bare as a baby, but still finding that 34–22–35 takes second place to perming eight from ten. 'In for a penny, in for a pound,' sighs Lilly and perches herself daintily on the bar. 'I've heard of Yorkshire phlegm,' she storms, 'but this is ridiculous. You'd think they saw girls doing this all the time. Won't *anyone* notice me?' Someone did. Our photographer Roger Pearson.

Dreamy-eyed and randy

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of those girls you occasionally meet in your life who absolutely ooze sex from every pore, who make your pulse race by the smouldering way they say 'Hello,' and who send waves of lust flaming through your nether regions when they say provocative words like 'arm' and 'knee-cap.'

And Sue was making eyes at me. Which was surprising, to say the least, because – typical teenage explanation – Sue was Joe's bird but Joe had been trying to make her jealous by fooling around with Julie who wasn't at the party because she was Frankie's ex and so Joe didn't come either and so Sue was on her own. And so, it hardly needs saying, was your narrator.

Anyway, she walked over to me, through the shadows and the solid layers of smoke, stepped over the couple who were writhing on the rug and apparently suffering from lockjaw, and asked me for a light.

'OK,' I said, and for lack of anything else added, 'Do you want to neck a bit?' (Oh, we were silver-tongued in those days.)

So Sue returned her cig to the packet and we began to explore the backs of each other's teeth.

And then began the exciting adventure of 'seeing how far you could get'. The hands stayed respectable for a time, in the crook of her back, but then ventured up to her shoulder-blades so that I could press those still budding breasts against what passed for my chest. I lingered there for a while, but then the fingers began to walk gingerly across her dress and no Captain Cook, David Livingstone or Christopher Columbus ever set off in more hope and trepidation than did my fingers in search of unchartered portions of the female anatomy. Like a spider that moves a short distance and seems to crouch, biding its time, my hands made their slow but steady progress from Sue's back to her sides, paused awhile, then sent out two thumbs to explore the no-man's land where sides ended and the lower reaches of breasts began. Their report was favourable. No hostile tribes of slapping hands defending their territory.

That first kiss ended after about seven hours, during which time our mouths had remained clamped together like two vacuum cleaners locked in mortal combat. We gazed into each other's eyes, and even my inexperience told me I ought to say something. But all that came to mind was a mumbled 'That was nice, wasn't it?'

'It was great,' was Sue's breathy comment, 'Let's go upstairs.'

I didn't believe it, I misheard her, this wasn't happening to me, April 1 was months ago.

'Er. . .'

I must have had a way with words because that was enough to make her grab me by the wrist and haul me off in the general direction of the staircase. It was quieter on the stairs, and we left behind the fading sounds of the Rolling Stones and the ecstatic moans that had been floating up from various dark places round the living room.

The first door that we tried upstairs wouldn't open properly, due in no small way to the wardrobe that had been pushed against it. The second door opened wide and from out of the black depths came a request not unconnected with urination.

The last room was obviously Frankie's parents' bedroom, with Frankie himself putting it to good use in their absence.

'Sod this, shift over,' Sue said and leaped onto the bed. Deciding that two was a more than adequate audience for my sexual coming of age, so to speak, I jammed a chair up against the door handle and joined Sue on the bed. A double bed is quite big enough for four fourteen-year-olds, and it was almost as if the other two weren't there – almost, that is, provided you ignored the animal-like groans and growls, the bouncing bedsprings, and the fact that Frankie's girl-friend kept digging me in the ribs with her knees. I was rather nervous of having them there, because if I was about to finally embark on the great adventure I didn't want anyone watching, and judging by the pace they were going at they'd be finished in next to no time. I had a mental picture of them both lying there, calmly watching our performance, and holding up four scorecards at the end.

But if we were to be marked then Sue was guaranteed ten for effort – she was planting wet kisses on every inch of my face and neck, carefully avoiding the scattered spots,

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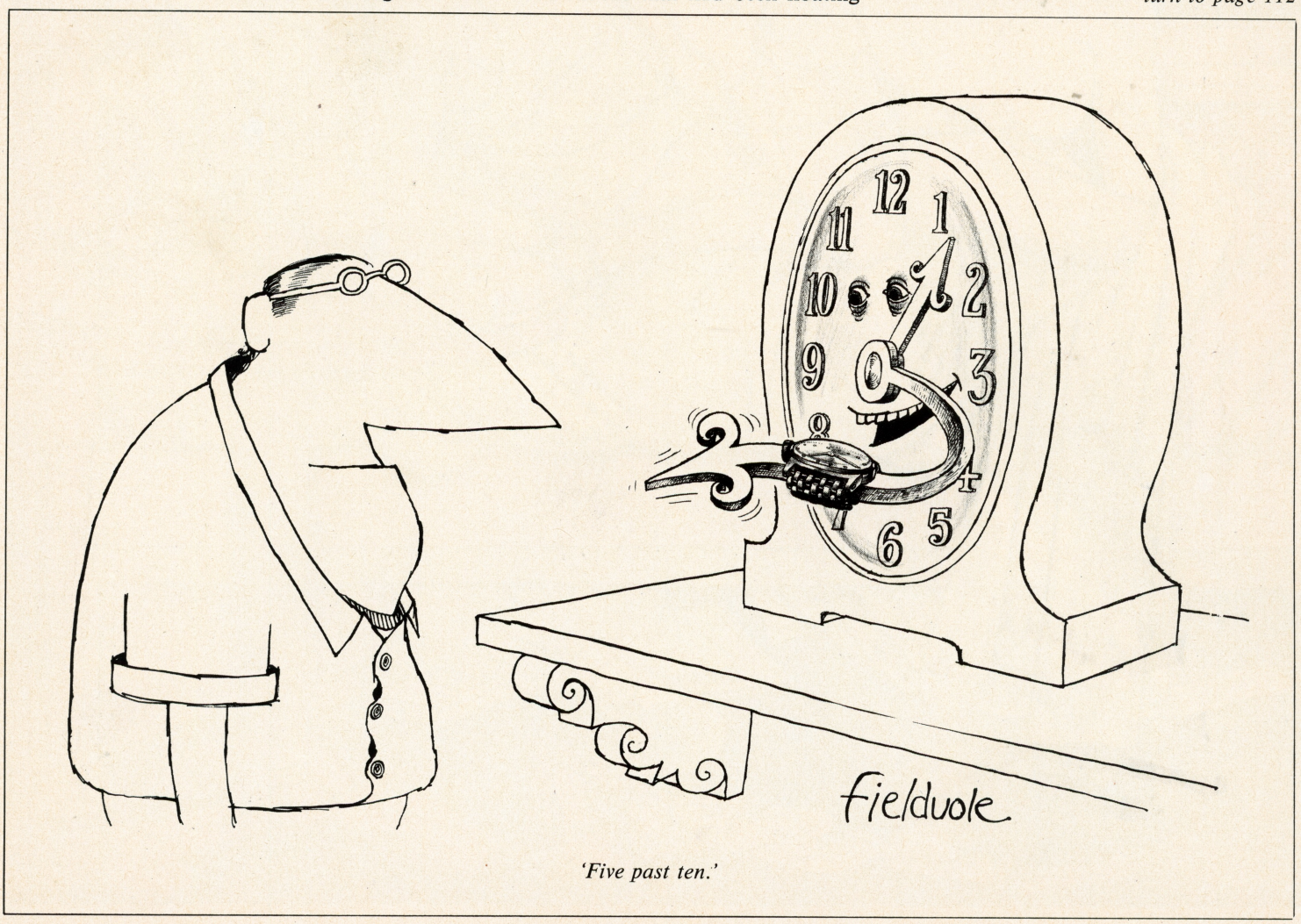


'Five past ten.'

TANKARD

Dreamy-eyed and randy

continued from page 110

and squeezing and rubbing and pinching me everywhere else with her tiny hands. And there's nothing quite like getting sexy whispers and hot breath in your ear when you're lying in the dark.

Her dress and her slip were pushed up round her waist and I revelled in the pleasure of rubbing my hands along her stockings to reach the cool flesh at the top, then following one suspender up under her knickers and feeling the bristle of hair against my wrist.

My fingers were inches away from the pleasure that had so far been denied them, and I lingered over the thought of this, stretching out that joy of savouring the thought before the deed. But the deed was never did, because just as I was about to put my finger on the basis of our brief relationship the door was thrown back, sending the chair skidding across the carpet, and there in the doorway, faced by an assortment of legs, bums, and mesmerised eyes, was Frankie's sister Maureen.

Not a pretty sight at the best of times, she resembled nothing so much as a cross between Quasimodo and Guy the Gorilla. And it was hardly the best of times just then, either. Frankie didn't help matters any by crying 'Oh shit!' in a somewhat strangled tone and falling on his back where the shaft of light from the door lit his upstanding dong like a spotlight. It seemed to bask in the attention of five pairs of eyes for a moment, quivering awhile, before finally taking a bow and retiring.

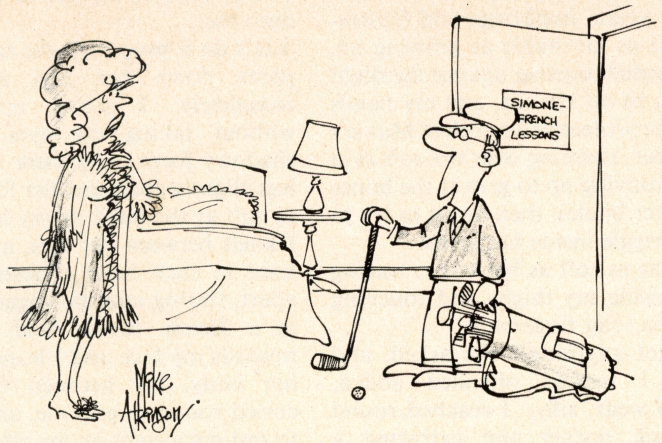
'Get your clothes on and get out!' she said, in a voice that could have stopped a charging rhino. 'And just you wait till your mother hears about this, our Francis!'

Frankie's sister was married to a mild-mannered man half her size, who looked like a whippet and walked with a limp, which may or may not have been due to the fact that he'd given her six children already, despite working night shifts. They lived with their brood just two streets away, and Frankie had reckoned without her coming round to see how he was getting on with his parents away. It seems that I wasn't the only one whose sexual drive came to a non-grinding halt now and then . . .

Sue decided to transfer her not inconsiderable affections back to Joe, and for the next couple of years I was back on the straight and narrow, more or less, till lo and behold I was sixteen and about to leave school. Now I'd determined that I wouldn't be a virgin by the time I started work. Mind you, I'd previously determined that I wouldn't be one by the time I was fifteen, which I amended to fifteen-and-a-half, which I amended to sixteen, which I amended to the day I left school, which I amended to the day I started work. This final amendment at least had some justification behind it, though, because I was going away in July for a last holiday with some mates from school before starting the serious business of work in August.

There's nothing more certain, I've found, to set my sexual salivary glands watering than the prospect of a few weeks in some exotic clime. As penurious sixteen-year-olds though, our blue horizons were limited to one week in a caravan for six in Harlech. At the camp we were shown to our caravan, and the six of us went through it like so many private detectives on a spree, investigating every cupboard, lighting the gas mantles and turning them out, pulling the beds down and fighting for the two that were already made up in what looked like a converted broom closet at one end. We settled the bed argument like gentlemen – the biggest won – and Johnny and Apple had the broom closet, Bill and Bic found themselves sleeping together in the one double bed, and myself and Jomo (don't ask me to explain the names) had the couches at the far end, which meant clearing everyone and all the fag ends and beer bottles out every night, dismantling the table and turning the couches into beds. This complicated procedure lasted just two nights, then Jomo slept on the table with me, rather warily, especially after a night at the pub and a late night nosh of beans on toast, underneath on the floor.

And things were definitely looking up, because two caravans a few rows away harboured eight young ladies from Liverpool, with whom visual contact was made on day one, then verbal repartee exchanged



'Mine is rather an unusual predilection.'

on day two – eg 'Come and look inside our caravan', to which was replied 'Piss off!'. By Sunday evening we were one big noisy group drinking together in the pub – Liverpool girls can do their share of drinking – and playing musical chairs and musical eyes in an attempt to perm any two from fourteen.

For a day or so we were content to lie on the beach, eat, and then later get drunk, play cards and tell dirty jokes. Then the girls would trot back to their caravans, via the toilet blocks, leaving us in that confused state of dreamy-eyed randiness as we queued up to piss in the sink.

I was dreamy-eyed and randy for Maxie, who had long blonde hair, deep blue eyes, and a soft sweet voice on which hung the faintest hint of a Liverpool accent, like a gentle breeze on a summer's day. The shivers that her voice gave me didn't just go up and down my spine. She was seventeen – an older woman! – hoping to go to art college. She also had two claims to fame that mightily impressed me – at school she sat in the very desk that had once been occupied by John Lennon's then wife, Cynthia, and also she had a pet poodle that had once bitten Ken Dodd's brother. What more could anyone ask? Being in such close personal contact with famous celebrities was bound to turn a young lad's head.

On the Tuesday night after closing time we had a bit of a booze-up on the beach. Who needs a flask of wine and a book of verse when you can sit on a towel with a bottle of beer and the crackly sound of Radio Luxembourg on the night air, every five minutes playing the Beatles' single that had just been released and must have already sold a million copies:

'*Help*! *I need somebody,*
Help . . !'

Not just anybody, but Maxie with her wicked sly smile who was sat on my towel and pouring a handful of sand on the backs of my fingers.

Someone suggested a midnight stroll so we walked for a mile or so along the beach before all flopping down on some dunes like so many ragged lost extras from *Lawrence of Arabia*.

The group was beginning to break up, most making their weary way back to camp, and others disappearing behind the dunes, some in pairs for purposes of pleasure and some singly for less savoury reasons. Maxie and I, now arm in arm, started walking back, straggling a long way behind the rest, and getting further and further behind all the time as we stopped now and again – and again – to exchange giggling wet kisses.

Instead of continuing along the long straight beach we thought we'd take a short cut over the dunes, though I don't think either of us was very surprised to find ourselves lying on my towel in a little dip that was sheltered with a curtain of grass

KERRY

Every once in a while a girl comes along with that indefinable combination of face, figure and personality that marks her as something 'special'. Whether she appears in a film clip, a TV commercial or simply as a face in the newspaper, she immediately makes people ask for more. *Mayfair's* track record in finding such successes is worthy of note, and includes Bond girl Anna Noble, top models Penny Priestley and Nina Carter and actress Penny Irving. Showing every sign of joining those ranks is aspiring model Kerry Lou Baylis. With the rich and dazzling smile and spectacular shimmer of dark brunette of a youthful Jane Russell, she conveys genuine warmth, matched with heart-stopping sex appeal. Certainly *Mayfair* readers thought so when they spotted her in the *Daily Mirror*

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all around. What happened then, despite the previous years' fumblings and frustrations, seemed as inevitable as growing up. We were snuggled together against the slight chill blowing in off the sea, and my hands were inside the protective warmth of Maxie's chunky jumper, roaming over the soft skin of her back, moving up to grip at the bones in her shoulder blades, then down to try to sneak and wriggle inside her jeans.

Her touch was as soft as her voice, tracing her fingers inside my thighs and touching me with those long fingernails.

'Have you got anything?' she asked, and then when I looked offended added, 'Anything to wear, silly.' I reached round into my back pocket and extracted a crumpled crinkly packet, a status symbol we all carried round, though I'm sure more shrivelled through age than through usage. Mine all had, up to now anyway. I fumbled at the wrapping, pulled it with my teeth and clumsily ripped it apart, dropping the piece of rubber (thankfully onto the towel) and it lay looking up at us like a glistening coin.

Maxie was losing her shy gentle nature, or rather setting it aside to show the real person beneath. Kissing her was like travelling down a dark whirling tunnel towards that real person at the other end, and forcing my tongue deep into her mouth was the first few steps down that tunnel. I still wanted to see how far I could get, but now in a different way – see how far I could get down that tunnel, see how close I could get to that person.

And Maxie drew me inside her, her hands on the back of my neck forcing our lips and tongues together as if the wet from our mouths was about to set like cement and fuse us together. Her jumper was in a bulky ring up around her neck, and when we stopped kissing and I looked down, even in the darkness I could see the round shadows of her nipples through the stretched thin white of her bra. The catch came undone with welcoming ease, and her breasts met the air of the night and her nipples grew like budding flowers pushing up against my palm. She tugged at her jumper, took it off and it left her blonde hair tousled and unkempt, unkempt like the look in her eyes and her crooked smile. I kissed that smile again and my jeans were unzipped and my prick gripped in Maxie's expert hands. She worked the skin up and down and the blood flowed in and pulsed to make it lengthen and widen, fill right up to bursting point.

My fingers pulled clumsily at the zip on her jeans, finally opening them up to let my hand shoot impatiently down and over her mound of feathery-soft hair to meet the groove of her lips. They were greasy and warm and Maxie took my inexperienced hand and guided the fingers inside her till my forefinger found the round bump that felt like a marble in oil.

We lay there, she jerking the skin of my prick back and forth, me rubbing my finger over her clit, and it felt so good it could have lasted forever, so good it couldn't possibly get better, but it did.

'Just a sec,' she said, and picked up the disc of slippery rubber to ease it carefully onto me.

'Let's do it properly,' she said, pushing her pants down her legs and undressing completely. I stood up to undress, without taking my eyes from Maxie's shadowy form lying there in the dark, her legs slightly apart and her foot reaching out to rub at the back of my leg.

I knelt between her legs, and holding one knee in each hand I pushed them wider apart, staring into the vague blackness as if in a dream. Maxie held her hands out towards my face and I leaned forward into her body, lay between those legs that curled round to grip me, and I was careful to rest my weight on my elbows, which dug little pits in the towel beneath us. Oh, I'd read all the books, knew what I ought to do, knew the theory well enough, but no book had managed to tell me how unbelievably good the whole thing was to be.

And it was worth the waiting – no pathetic Charlie Chaplin ending to a comedy of errors, but a frenetic and almost perfect climax as we sweated and gasped and wrestled together under the moon, with Maxie's moans coming from deeper and deeper inside her each time, the pain and the pleasure squeezed together into that one aching animal groan.

We didn't quite come together, but that was all that was missing, I felt, bar a round of applause and an encore.

The beach was deserted and shiny wet as we walked slowly back, stepping round the lonely dark pieces of seaweed that seemed to be sleeping in the moonlight. We arrived at the camp and drew reluctantly apart at the door to Maxie's caravan, with kisses and whispers of what was to come. I walked away in a dream, then suddenly thought 'I'm not a virgin any more!' For all that I'd been obsessed by it before it happened, I'd completely forgotten it since it had. I wanted to tell the world, and yet keep it to myself – the mix of dreamy-eyed and randy again, each wanting their own way.

The lights were on in the caravan, and shouts and laughter tumbled out when I opened the door, elbowing my thoughts from my mind.

'Where've you been?' someone asked. 'You don't know what you're missing – Johnny's telling us how he had it away tonight, randy sod.'

'Me too,' I mumbled uncertainly.

'Come off it, lying swine.' And they returned their attentions to Johnny's graphic and incredible story.

'I did,' I said, half-laughing at their disbelief. No one paid any attention, so I curled up on one of the couches, covering myself with one of the rough grey blankets to soak up the voices and light.

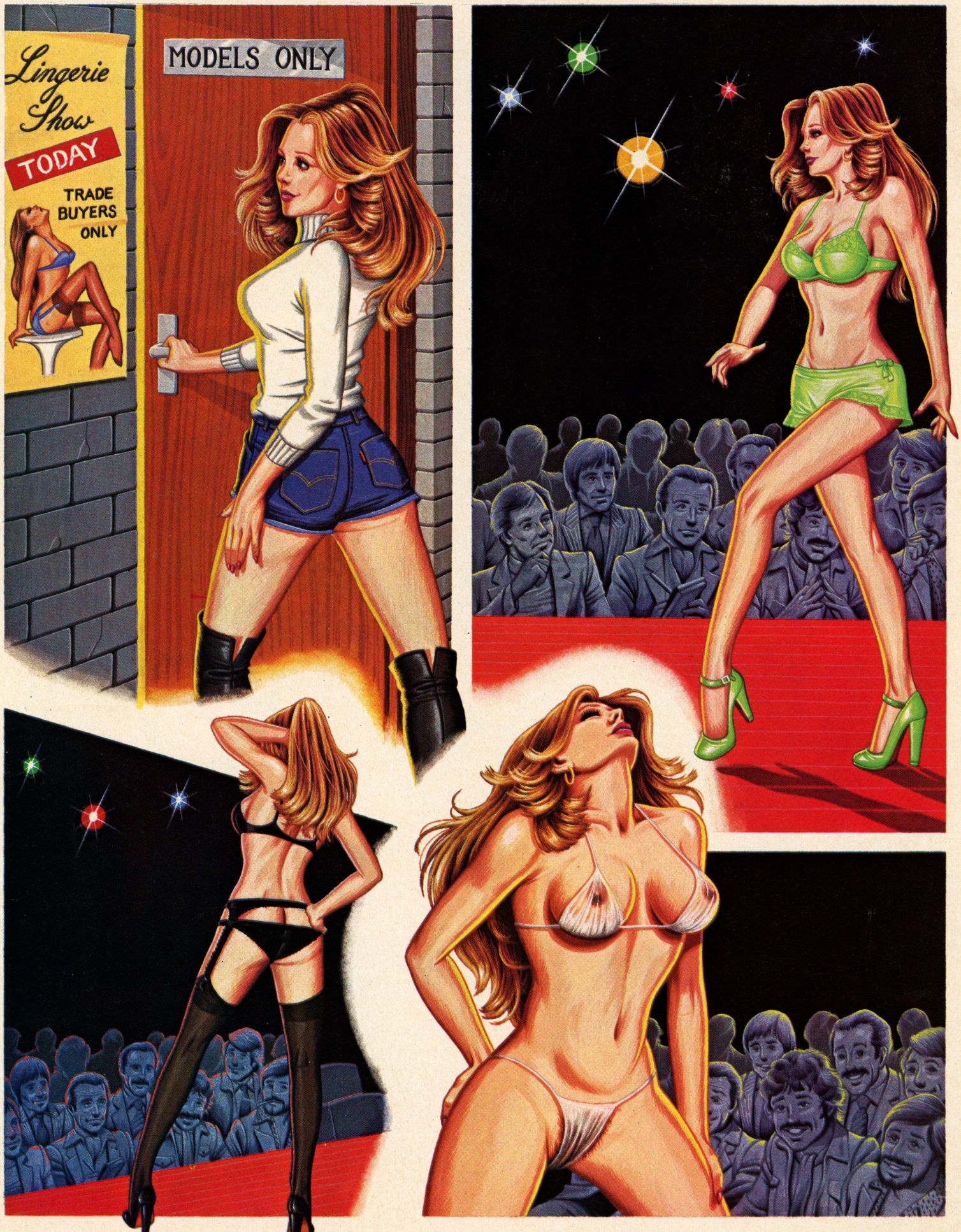
'Better luck next time,' said an anonymous voice a little later, slapping me on the shoulder.

'Impossible,' I thought, and the noise and the clink of glasses and ashtrays faded somewhere far away, and I fell dreamy-eyed and head-over-heels into sleep, wondering if the next time *might* be even better.

and immediately asked us for more. Hurried phonecalls, swift negotiations, and the pictures were on our desk – all 35–24–35 inches of 5 feet 6 inch Miss Baylis with the added pictorial bonus of a villa in Ibiza. Born 18 years ago in Essex, Kerry is fast approaching the heights as a top English model, having already notched up leading photographic assignments in the Balearic Islands, Portugal, Greece, the Caribbean and Thailand. Well-travelled indeed for a young lady who still lives at home with her parents. 'I suppose I am quite a homely person,' she concedes. 'For instance I make all my own clothes, though that's really to have everything looking exactly the way I want it to. I don't take an enormous amount of time over it but I do like to look as good as I can.' In a highly competitive world like modelling she's pleasantly free of professional jealousies. 'If I don't get a job I really wanted then I tend to take it philosophically. Honestly I think I'm lucky to be doing the work I am.' Nevertheless she plans to progress to cinema and television

CARRIE

Carrie's modelling debut provides the buyers with a frill



Drawn by STEVE KINGSTON Story by DAVID BRENNER

commercials before eventually moving on to an acting career. The first stage was her recent enrolment in a London drama school. With such a crowded future mapped out, what chance do mere males have to distract her? 'Plenty,' she smiles. 'Though I do like to have a regular boyfriend, even though I do seem to spend most of my time jetting about the world, which makes keeping in touch a bit difficult.' A good sense of humour and a warm and friendly personality count above appearances, she insists; though she admits the men who have meant most to her have tended to be 'very handsome and very masculine – the sort of woolly pulley lot you see in male fashion ads.' She grins. 'I'm afraid the lean arty type in denims leaves me cold.' Anyone for weight-training?